

THE Shadow[®]

VOLUME ONE: *THE FIRE OF CREATION*



GARTH ENNIS
AARON CAMPBELL

DYNAMITE[®]



A large black silhouette of a man, The Shadow, is positioned on the left side of the cover. He is holding a long, thin object, possibly a sword or a gun, diagonally across his body. On his left wrist, a small, glowing yellow device is visible. The background is a solid red color with a faint, repeating pattern of the words 'THE SHADOW' in a light red, sans-serif font.

THE Shadow

VOLUME 1: THE FIRE OF CREATION

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ISSUE

ONE





BETWEEN NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE
AND NINETEEN FORTY-FIVE, JAPANESE
OCCUPATION FORCES KILLED
FIFTEEN MILLION CHINESE PEOPLE.



WHEREVER THE ARMIES
OF NIPPON WENT, HORROR
FOLLOWED IN THEIR WAKE.

MASSACRE AND STARVATION WERE
THEIR WEAPONS. THEY PAVED THE
ROADS AND STREETS WITH GORE, MADE
RIVERS RUN WITH CORPSES. THE TEARS
OF HEAVEN ITSELF WERE NOT ENOUGH
TO WASH AWAY THE BLOOD THEY SPILT.

COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF
THEIR VICTIMS ENDED UP AS
REFUGEES. OTHERS WERE
ENSLAVED AND SENT AWAY,
NEVER TO SEE HOME OR
FAMILY AGAIN.

A FEW-TOO MANY-FOUND
THEMSELVES IN THE SINGULAR
HELL OF BIOLOGICAL
EXPERIMENTATION; EXPOSED TO
TYPHUS, ANTHRAX AND THE LIKE
BEFORE UNANESTHETIZED
EXPLORATORY SURGERY.



THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST SHAME WAS SAVED FOR ITS ABUSE OF FEMALE CAPTIVES.

THE TORMENT DESCENDED DAILY, HOURLY, BY THE MINUTE. GIRLS TEN AND YOUNGER WERE DECLARED FAIR GAME. CRUDE ASSAULT GAVE WAY TO MUTILATION, THEN MUCH WORSE: FATHERS WERE FORCED TO RUT WITH DAUGHTERS, SONS WITH MOTHERS.

HOW MANY DIED IN SUCH ATROCITIES CANNOT BE COUNTED; HOW MANY WERE PRESSED INTO SERVICE AS COMFORT WOMEN—FIELD WHORES FOR THE TROOPS—IS A NUMBER LOST TO HISTORY.

WHEN THE TIME CAME, IMPERIAL JAPAN WOULD MAKE A FINE PARTNER FOR NAZI GERMANY.

I KNOW.

I KNOW THE STRANGE TIDES ON WHICH DESTINY EBBS AND FLOWS;

I KNOW THAT FATE SOMETIMES NEEDS A GUIDING HAND;

I KNOW HOW TO PLACE THE PIECES ON THE BOARD;

I KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN AND WHAT MUST BE;

I KNOW THE GREATER GAME.



FOR I KNOW WHAT
EVIL LURKS IN THE
HEARTS OF MEN.

THOSE WHO
WOULD SEE THE
MORNING, STAND
ASIDE! MY BUSINESS
IS WITH AKIRA ITO
AND TATEO
KONDO!

I WANT
YOU, YOU PAIR
OF VERMIN!

PREPARE
YOURSELVES
FOR DEATH!

THE Shadow

IN THE FIRE OF
THE FIRE OF
CREATION

PART ONE



WHO...

IS THAT... YOU KNOW...?

IF IT'S WHO I--

WHAT ARE WE PAYING YOU FOR, YOU RABBLE? **KILL HIM!**



WHAT--?



YOU MISSED...?

HE WAS THERE. HE WAS RIGHT THERE.

OH NO... OH GOD... I THINK IT IS--



YOU--

NOT THEIR FAULT.

THEIR MINDS ARE CLOUDED.

N



DO NOT
MAKE THE LEAP
TO SCUM.





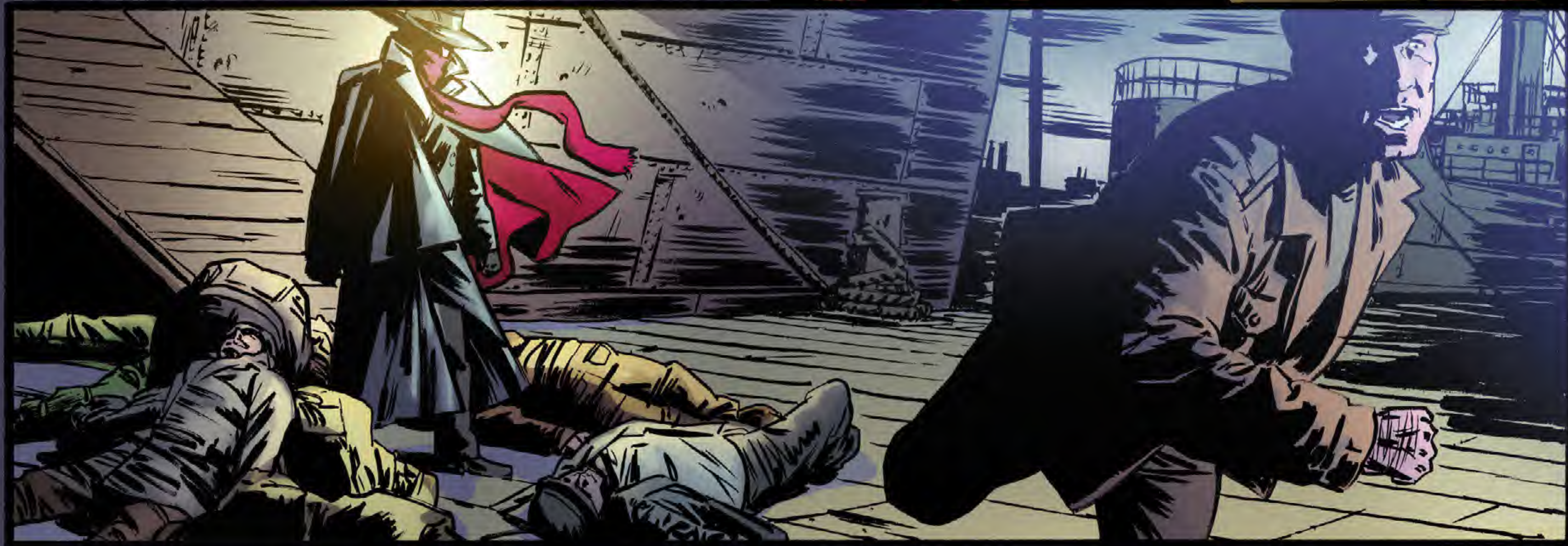


GO
HOME, PAUL
MULLER.



WORK HARD.

FEED YOUR
FAMILY.



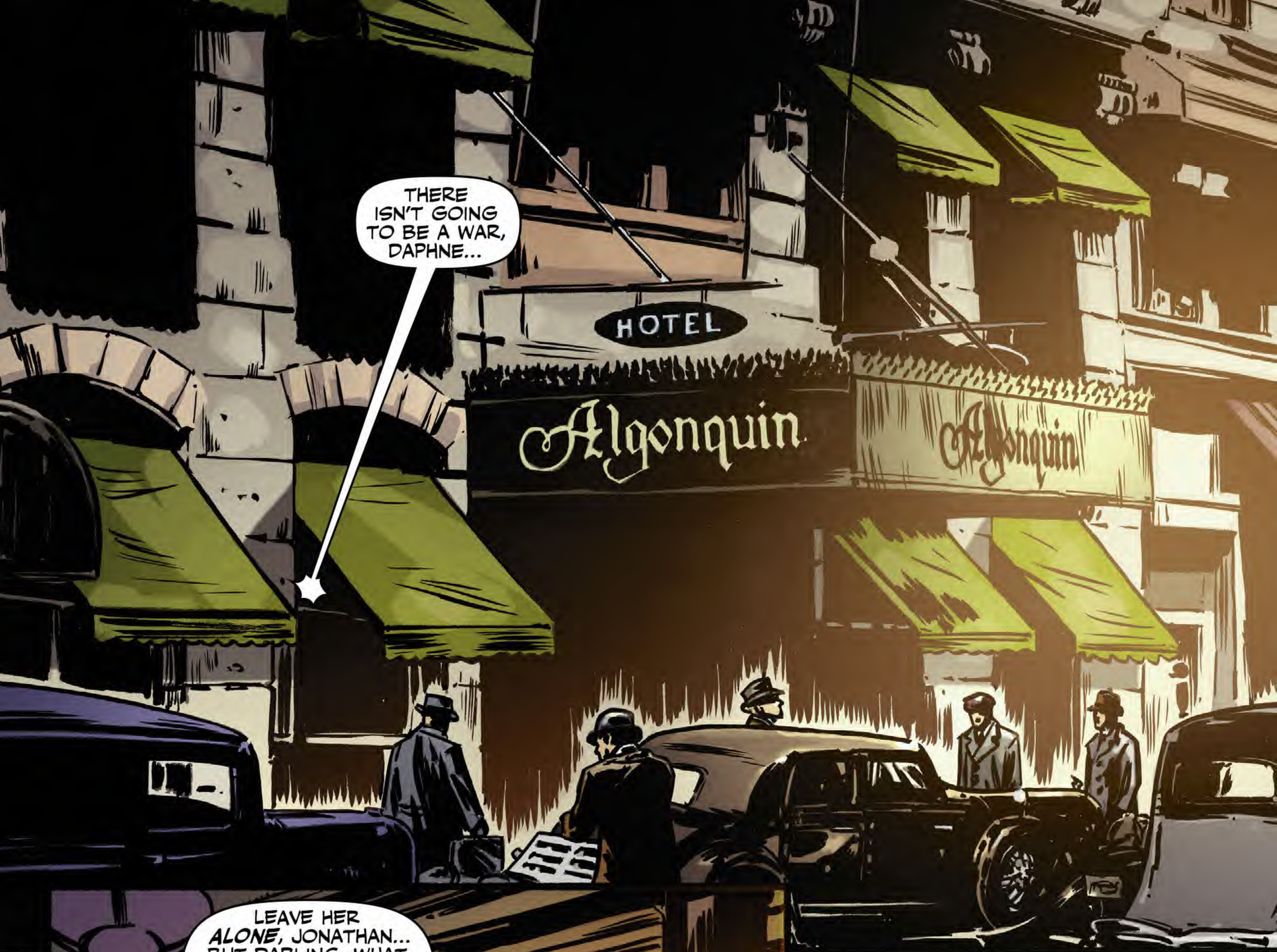
AND YOU,
DEAD MAN: DO
NOT CROSS
YET.



STAY A
MOMENT.



SPEAK.



THERE
ISN'T GOING
TO BE A WAR,
DAPHNE...



LEAVE HER
ALONE, JONATHAN...
BUT DARLING, WHAT
ABOUT SPAIN? WHAT
ABOUT CHINA? IF
THERE'S A WAR IN THE
NEXT TWO OR THREE
YEARS--

NOT AFTER
LAST TIME. AND IF
THERE IS, EVEN F.D.R.
HAS ENOUGH BASIC
COMMON SENSE
TO KEEP US OUT
OF IT.

JONATHAN--!



BUT
WHAT IF YOU'RE
WRONG...?

HMM! THEN
WE BUY STOCK
IN CURTISS AND
BOEING.

ENOUGH,
DAPHNE. LESS
WAR, MORE
LUNCH.

MISTER
CRANSTON?



MISTER LANDERS, HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN...

AND YOU, SIR. AND THIS IS PAT FINNEGAN, A PROTÉGÉ OF MINE.

PAT--LAMONT CRANSTON.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU.



THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE, MISTER FINNEGAN. AH, NICOLAS...

JUST COFFEE FOR US.

NOT SO FOR MYSELF. THANK YOU.



SO HOW IS WASHINGTON?

QUIET. VERY QUIET, IN COMPARISON WITH THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT.

YOU READ ABOUT THE INCIDENT ON PIER NINETY-THREE LAST NIGHT?



THE MASSACRE ON PIER NINETY-THREE...

NASTY BUSINESS.

WHAT YOU WON'T HAVE READ IS THAT AMONG THE DEAD WERE TWO JAPANESE NATIONALS. OR THAT IN WHAT'S BEEN LABELLED A GANGLAND TURF WAR, EVERY SINGLE FATAL SHOT CAME FROM EXACTLY THE SAME DIRECTION.

AND, COME TO THAT, THE SAME GUNS.

FANCY THAT...

THE PAIR WERE LIEUTENANTS ITO AND KONDO OF JAPANESE ARMY INTELLIGENCE, MORE OR LESS THE COUNTERPART OF MY OWN DEPARTMENT.

THEY ACTUALLY CAME HERE THREE DAYS AGO, AND HAVING ENGAGED SOME OF THE LOCAL TALENT WERE ABOUT TO FORCIBLY BOARD THE LADY HUDSON-KINAHAN, NEWLY ARRIVED FROM FREETOWN.

WHICH FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW WOULD HAVE BEEN SOMETHING OF A WASTED EFFORT. BECAUSE--

WHAT LIES IN THE HOLDS OF THE LADY HUDSON-KINAHAN IS WORTHLESS.

AS CONFIRMED BY OUR PEOPLE THIS MORNING. WELL, YOU TOLD US SO.

OKAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT, MISTER? HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SKIP A PAGE AHEAD OF UNCLE SAM?

PAT...

NO, I WANT TO KNOW HOW MISTER CRANSTON--

I HAVE A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SPECIALIST KNOWLEDGE WHEN IT COMES TO THE ORIENT AND HER BOUNTIES, MISTER FINNEGAN. PUT IT DOWN TO MISSPENT YOUTH.

AND WHEN I FIRST VOLUNTEERED MY SERVICES TO MISTER LANDERS SOME MONTHS AGO, I DID INDEED WARN HIM THAT WHAT HE SOUGHT LAY RATHER FURTHER EAST THAN SIERRA LEONE.

CONSIDER ME SUITABLY CHASTENED.

NONSENSE, MY DEAR FELLOW. OH, THANK YOU, NICOLAS...

YOU KNOW, I'D KIND OF EXPECTED TO SEE A LITTLE MORE URGENCY ON THIS. WHAT WITH THE STAKES BEING AS HIGH AS THEY ARE.

THE WORLD HEADED IN THE DIRECTION IT IS.

A FAIR POINT. WELL, IF THE MOUNTAIN WON'T COME TO MOHAMMED...

QUITE. I'LL MAKE MY OWN ARRANGEMENTS IN THAT REGARD.

WE'RE GOING AFTER IT...?

WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE?

ONE LAST THING YOU SHOULD BE AWARE OF. I KNOW THE KONDO BROTHERS OF OLD.

"TATEO'S ELDER SIBLING, TARO, IS A MAJOR IN THE SAME DIVISION OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. THE TWO QUARRELLED OVER THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE SHIPMENT FROM FREETOWN; TARO HARBORED SIMILAR SUSPICIONS TO MY OWN.

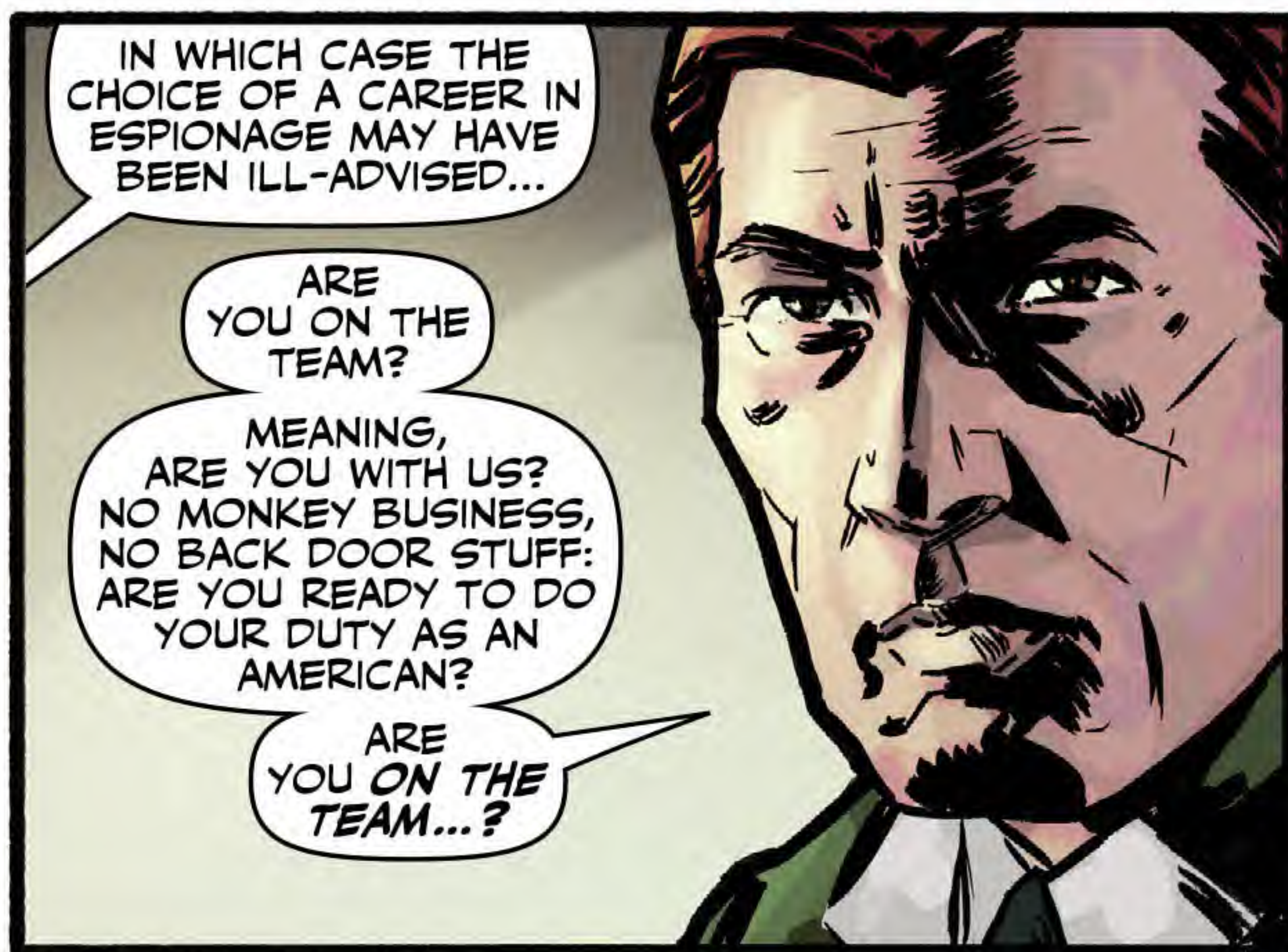
"HE LEFT NIIGATA THE DAY BEFORE HIS BROTHER. I WOULD BE SURPRISED IF WE DIDN'T HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN."



I GUESS THAT'S THAT MISSPENT YOUTH AGAIN.

YOU GUESS CORRECTLY.

I'M GOING TO ASK YOU STRAIGHT OUT, MISTER CRANSTON. ONE SIMPLE QUESTION, BECAUSE IF THERE'S ONE THING I LIKE IT'S KNOWING EXACTLY WHERE I STAND:

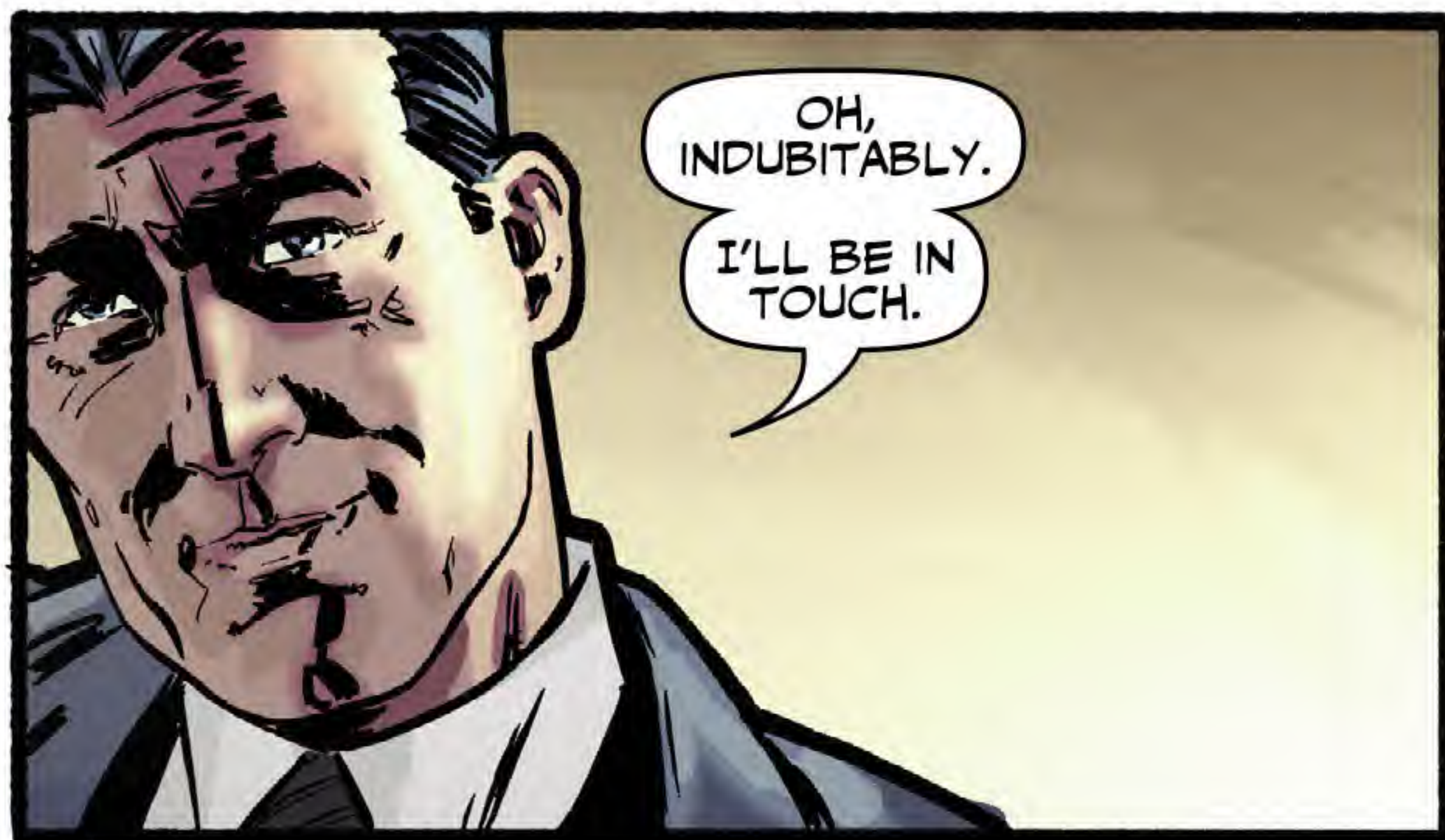


IN WHICH CASE THE CHOICE OF A CAREER IN ESPIONAGE MAY HAVE BEEN ILL-ADVISED...

ARE YOU ON THE TEAM?

MEANING, ARE YOU WITH US? NO MONKEY BUSINESS, NO BACK DOOR STUFF: ARE YOU READY TO DO YOUR DUTY AS AN AMERICAN?

ARE YOU ON THE TEAM...?



OH, INDUBITABLY.

I'LL BE IN TOUCH.



WHAT A...

WE'LL GET MORE OUT OF HIM IF WE PLAY IT HIS WAY, PAT. TRUST ME, I KNOW THE TYPE.

BACK IN A MOMENT.

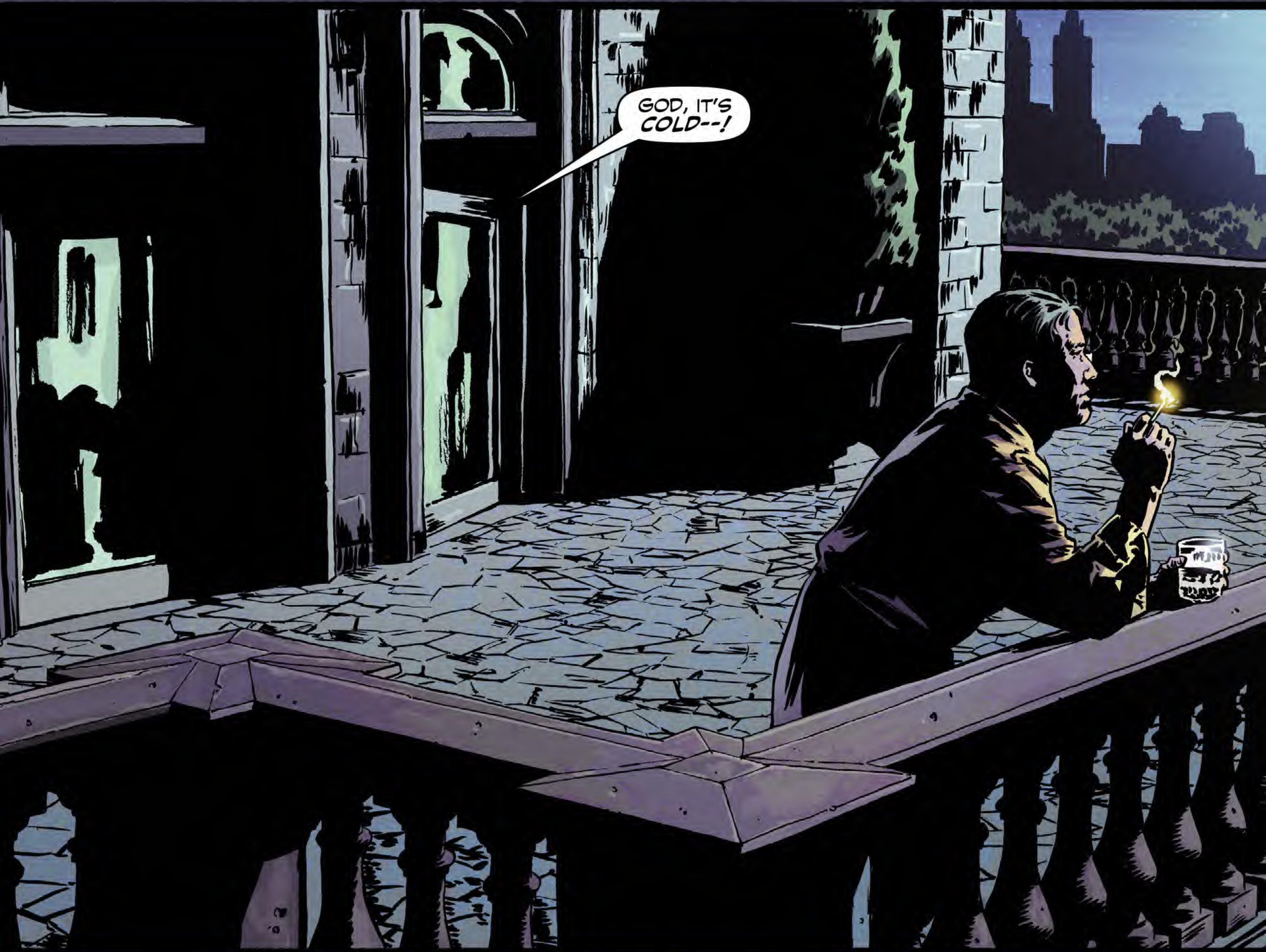


DO YOU HAVE A DICTIONARY AROUND HERE?

I'M SURE I CAN FIND ONE, SIR.

MM.





GOD, IT'S
COLD--!



AREN'T YOU
COLD?

PROBABLY.

I WAS
SHIVERING SO
HARD I SHOOK
MYSELF AWAKE,
COULDN'T YOU AT
LEAST HAVE SHUT
THE DOOR BEHIND
YOU...?



SELFISH
BASTARD.

GIVE ME
SOME OF
THAT.



YOUR
SKIN'S LIKE
ICE.

MM-HM.

LIKE
THE DEAD.

CAN
YOU SEE THE
FUTURE?



WITH EVERYTHING
YOU MENTIONED,
THE--

I'M
PRIVY TO
GLIMPSES.
SHARDS.



PEOPLE ARE DIFFICULT. CHILDREN
ARE EASIEST, THEY HAVEN'T THE
SPIRITUAL FUG WE'VE ACCUMULATED:
TRACING THE SOUL TO THE END
OF ITS PATH IS SIMPLE ENOUGH.

ADULTS... SOMETIMES.
SHOCK AND TRAUMA CAN
WORK WONDERS.



AS TO THE
REST, THE GRAND
EVENTS--

CAN YOU SEE
WHAT HAPPENS
TO US?


MEANING YOU
AND ME...



I KNOW
WHAT YOU MEAN,
MISS LANE.

WHICH
IS ALL THE
PREDICTION
I NEED.

THANK YOU.



I HAVEN'T
THE SLIGHTEST
IDEA WHY I
STICK--

GROW UP.

"YOU KNOW THE WEED OF
CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT.

"BEARS PUS AND
POISON. TAINTS
THE WORLD, MAKES
GOD A LIE.

"YOU CHOSE TO SERVE A MASTER
WHO WOULD STAMP IT BACK INTO THE
DIRT; YOU SWORE AN OATH TO DO HIS
BIDDING. YOU ARE HIS AGENT AND HIS
SPY, AND YET YOUR HANDS ARE
STAINED WITH VERY LITTLE BLOOD...

"IN YOUR HEART, YOU ARE
THANKFUL HE IS THERE TO DO
THE BUTCHER-WORK."



I THINK
I'VE DONE MY
SHARE...

YOU'VE DONE
NO MORE NOR
LESS THAN VINCENT,
SHREVNITZ AND
THE REST.

MAKE NO
MISTAKE: YOU
ARE A MATCHSTICK
SET NEXT TO AN
INCINERATOR.

DO NOT
FLIRT WITH FATE,
MISS LANE.

IT IS
NO GENTLE
LOVER.

YOU'RE
RIGHT, THE
NIGHT IS VERY
COLD.

COMING?

ARE
YOU GOING TO
BE THE SHADOW
FOREVER?



FOR LONGER THAN YOU'LL BE MARGO LANE.



WHAT...?

HMM.



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

HMM.
HA HA HA...

HEY, WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN...?



MY GOD, YOU CONCEITED—YOU REALLY HAVEN'T A SINGLE DOUBT ABOUT ANYTHING, HAVE YOU?

HA HA HA HA, COME TO BED, MISS LANE.



NO TIME TO WASTE.

EARLY START IN THE MORNING.

ISSUE
TWO





THE *Shadow* IN THE FIRE OF CREATION PART TWO

WHAT'S THAT
LIGHT...?

THE
SUNRISE.

WE'VE
BEEN RACING IT
SINCE WE LEFT
MANILA.





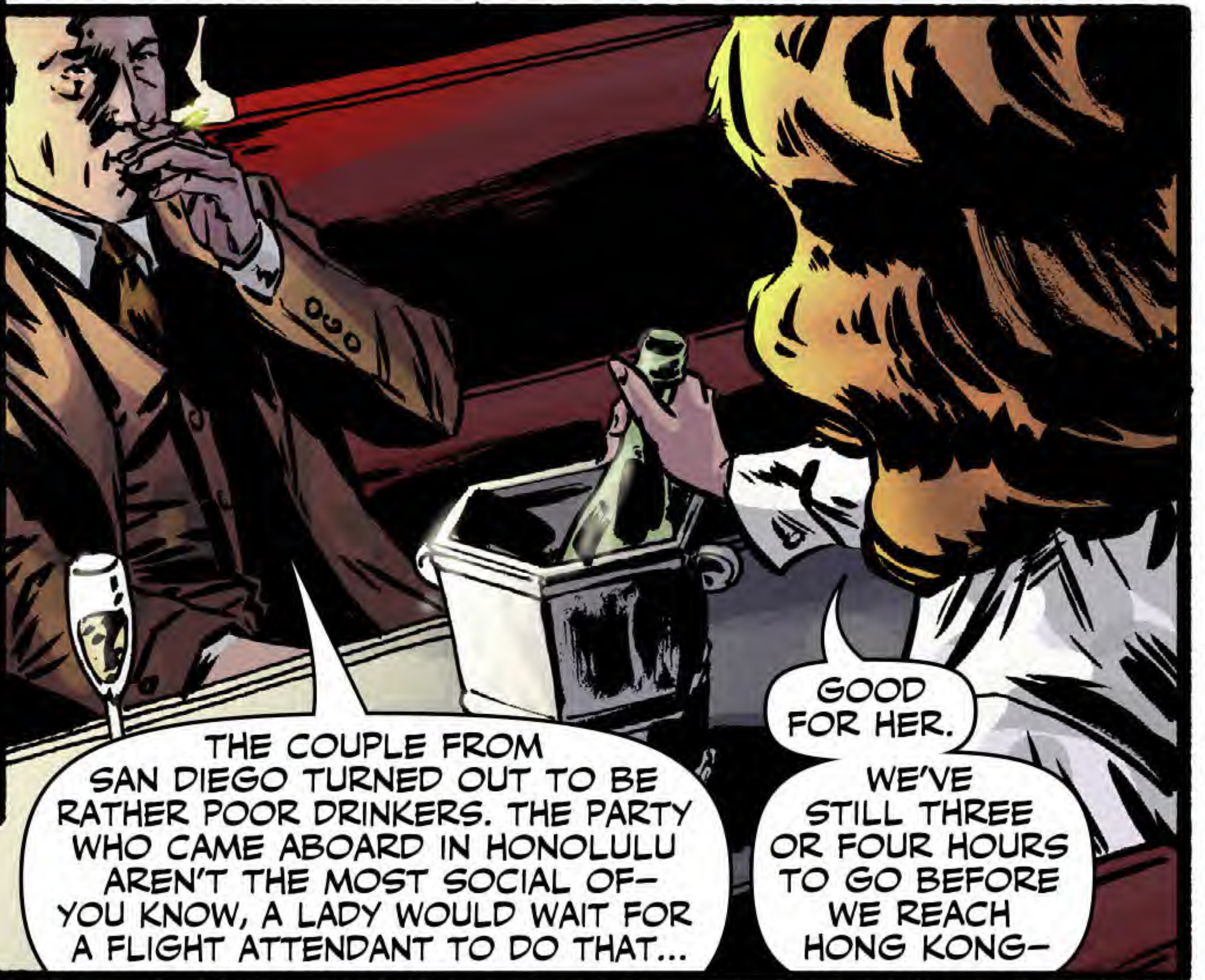
WELL, AT LEAST WE'RE LOSING IN STYLE. AND 'TWENTY-FOUR KRUG IS THE KIND OF STYLE I LIKE.

SO THAT'S WHY YOU STICK AROUND...



DON'T BE A SHIT.
WHERE'S EVERYONE ELSE GONE, ALL OF A SUDDEN?

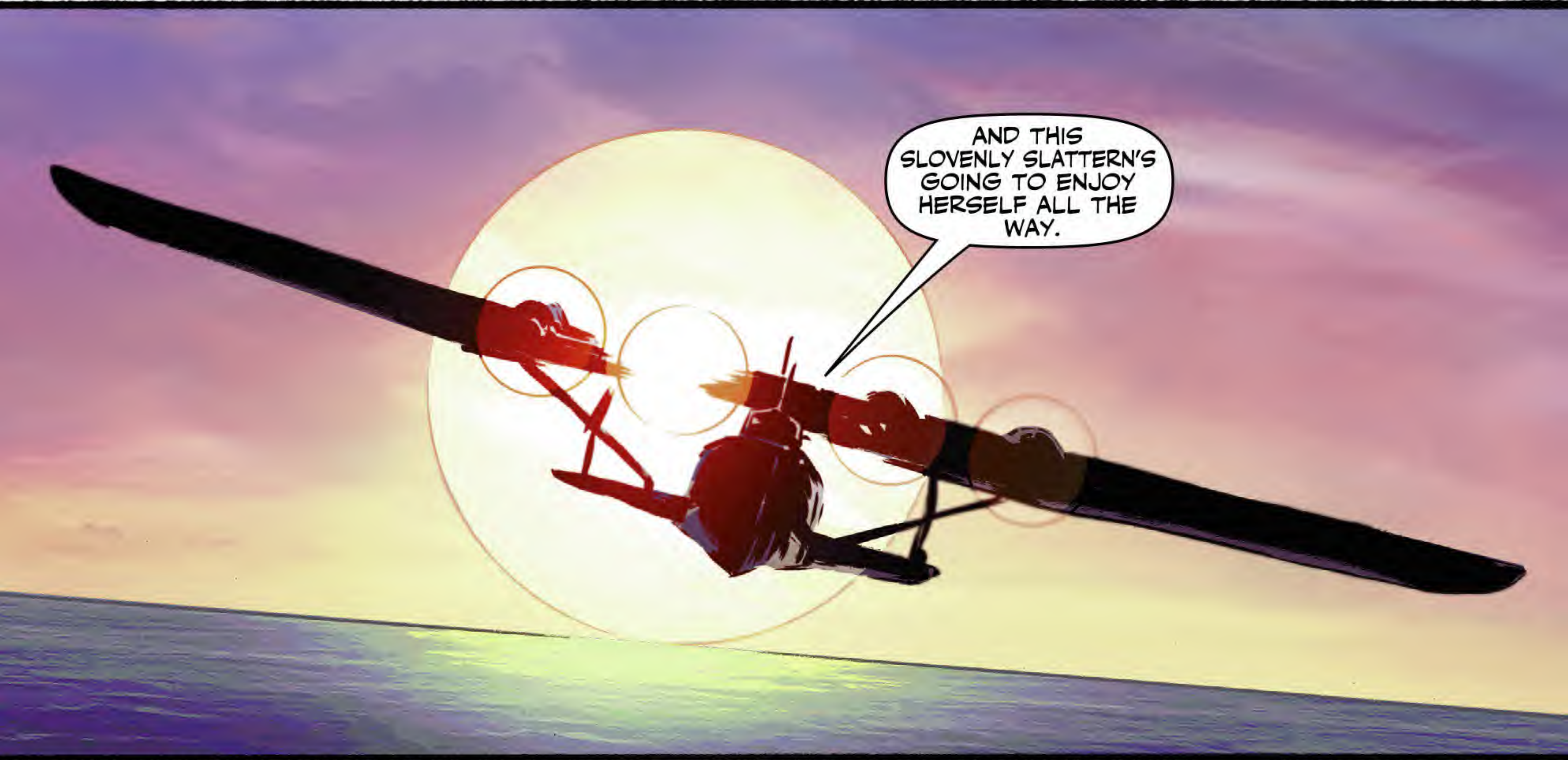
BED.



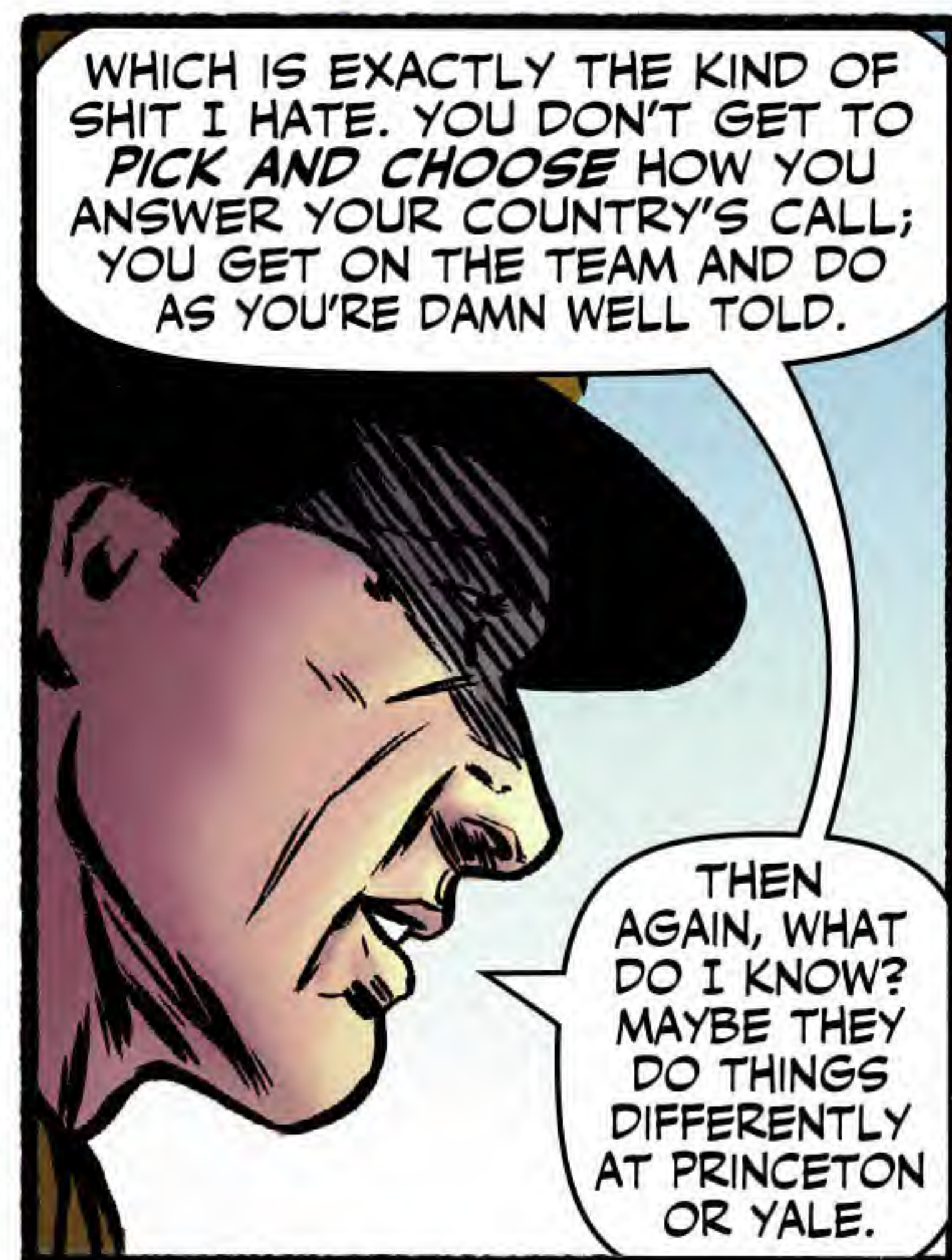
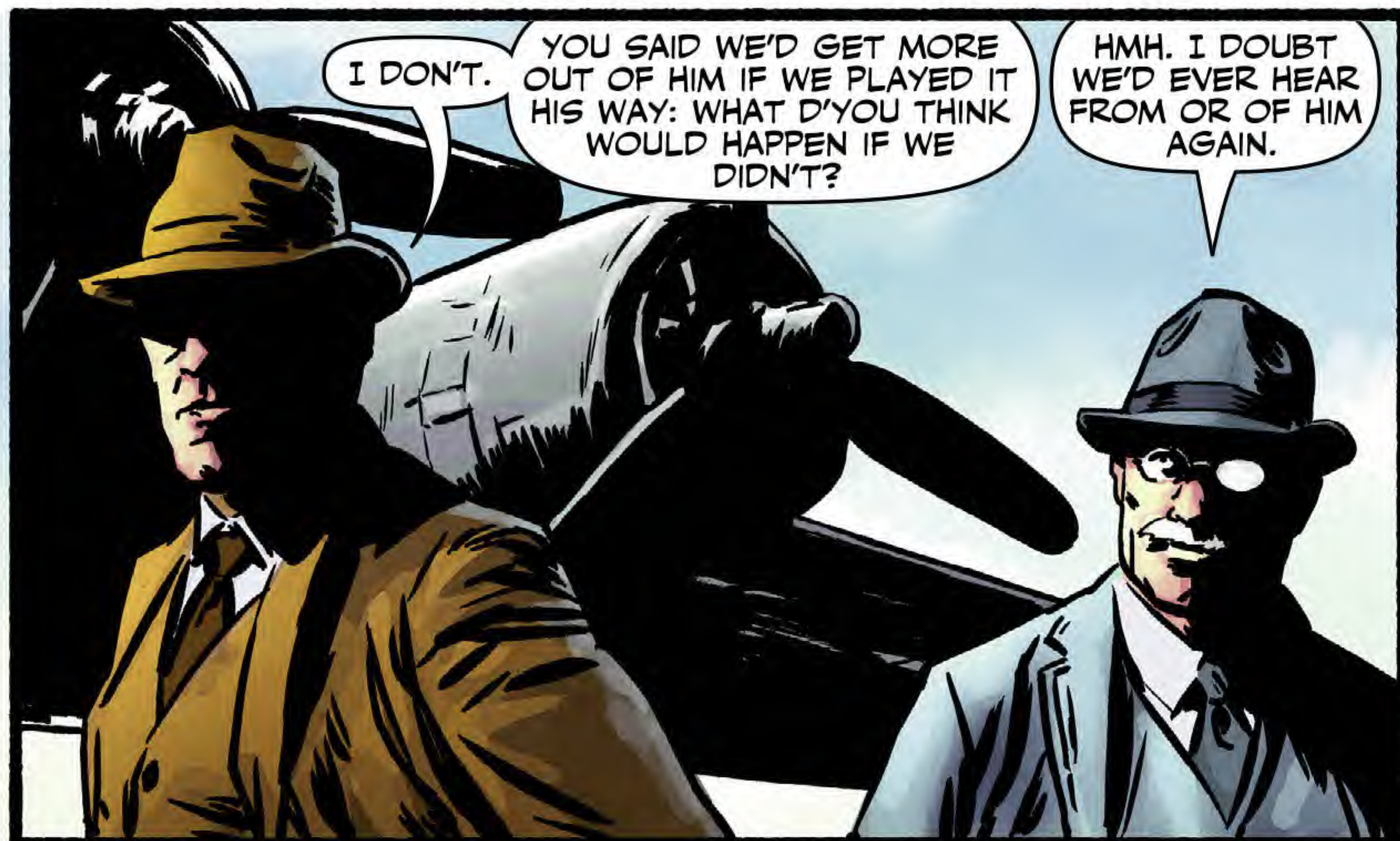
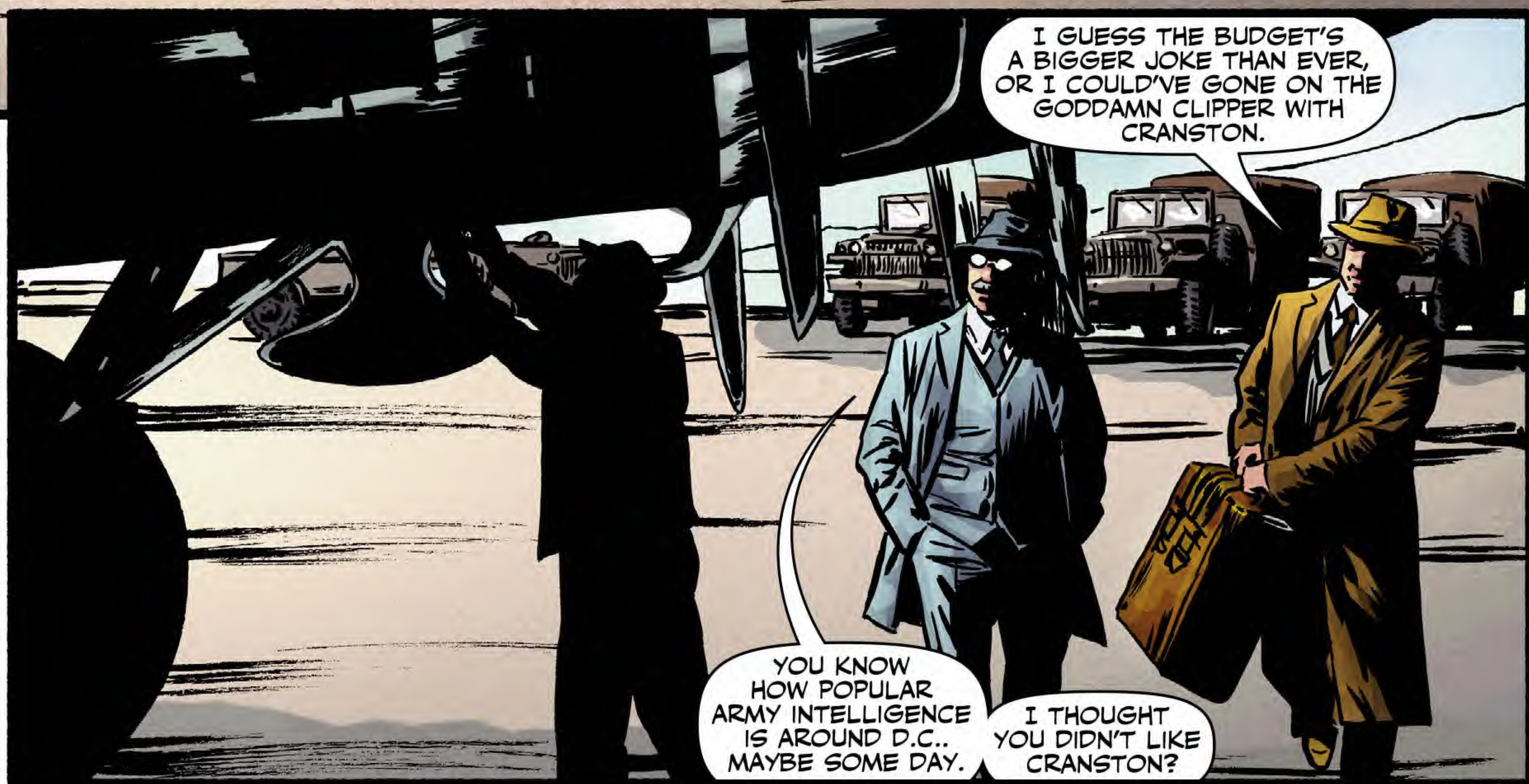
THE COUPLE FROM SAN DIEGO TURNED OUT TO BE RATHER POOR DRINKERS. THE PARTY WHO CAME ABOARD IN HONOLULU AREN'T THE MOST SOCIAL OF— YOU KNOW, A LADY WOULD WAIT FOR A FLIGHT ATTENDANT TO DO THAT...

GOOD FOR HER.

WE'VE STILL THREE OR FOUR HOURS TO GO BEFORE WE REACH HONG KONG—



AND THIS SLOVENLY SLATTERN'S GOING TO ENJOY HERSELF ALL THE WAY.





MAYBE THEY DO. I WENT TO BROWN.

THAT'S QUITE A CHIP YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR SHOULDER, PAT. YOU SHOULD CHERISH IT. FEED IT. LET IT GROW.



WATCH IT GET YOU ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE.

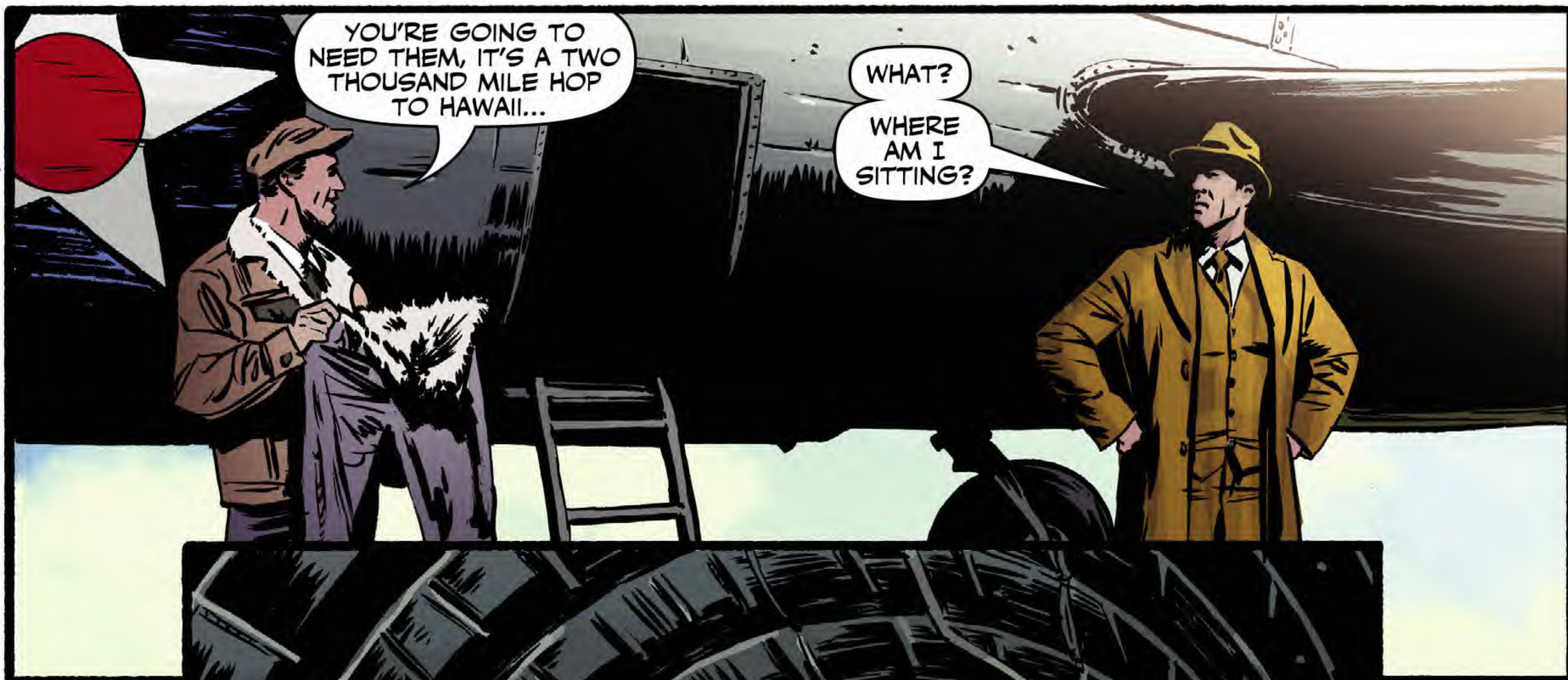
YOU'LL LIASE WITH A MARINE CAPTAIN CALLED LLOYD, HE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN HONG KONG. BEST OF LUCK.



YOU FINNEGAN?

UH...

BETTER PUT THESE ON.



YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THEM, IT'S A TWO THOUSAND MILE HOP TO HAWAII...

WHAT?

WHERE AM I SITTING?



OH, NO.



WHERE DO YOU KNOW THESE KONDO BROTHERS FROM, EXACTLY? THE BAD OLD DAYS?



MM. BEFORE HIS MILITARY SERVICE TARO KONDO WAS A SLAVER, WORKING WITH SOME OF THE BANDIT GANGS IN THE CHINESE INTERIOR.

AND WHO WERE YOU THEN? LAMONT CRANSTON? OR KENT ALLARD PRETENDING TO BE LAMONT CRANSTON?



I IMAGINE YOU HAVE TROUBLE KEEPING TRACK, I KNOW I DO...

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I CALLED MYSELF. I WAS A MONSTER.



I'VE TOLD YOU MORE THAN ONCE THAT I HAVE MUCH TO ATONE FOR, MISS LANE.

THE EVIL IN MEN'S HEARTS FOUND AMPLE GROUND TO GROW IN MINE.



IS THAT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT,
REDEMPTION...?

THE GOAL IS
THE DEATH OF KONDO
AND WHATEVER SCUM STAND
WITH HIM, AND THE DELIVERY
OF THE PRIZE HE SEEKS INTO
THE HANDS OF THE UNITED
STATES GOVERNMENT.

ATONEMENT DOES NOT
GUARANTEE SALVATION. I WOULD
BE A FOOL TO CHASE IT.

THE FATE I
SEEK TO GUIDE IS
NOT MY OWN.

ARE YOU
ARMED?

WHAT?
I—

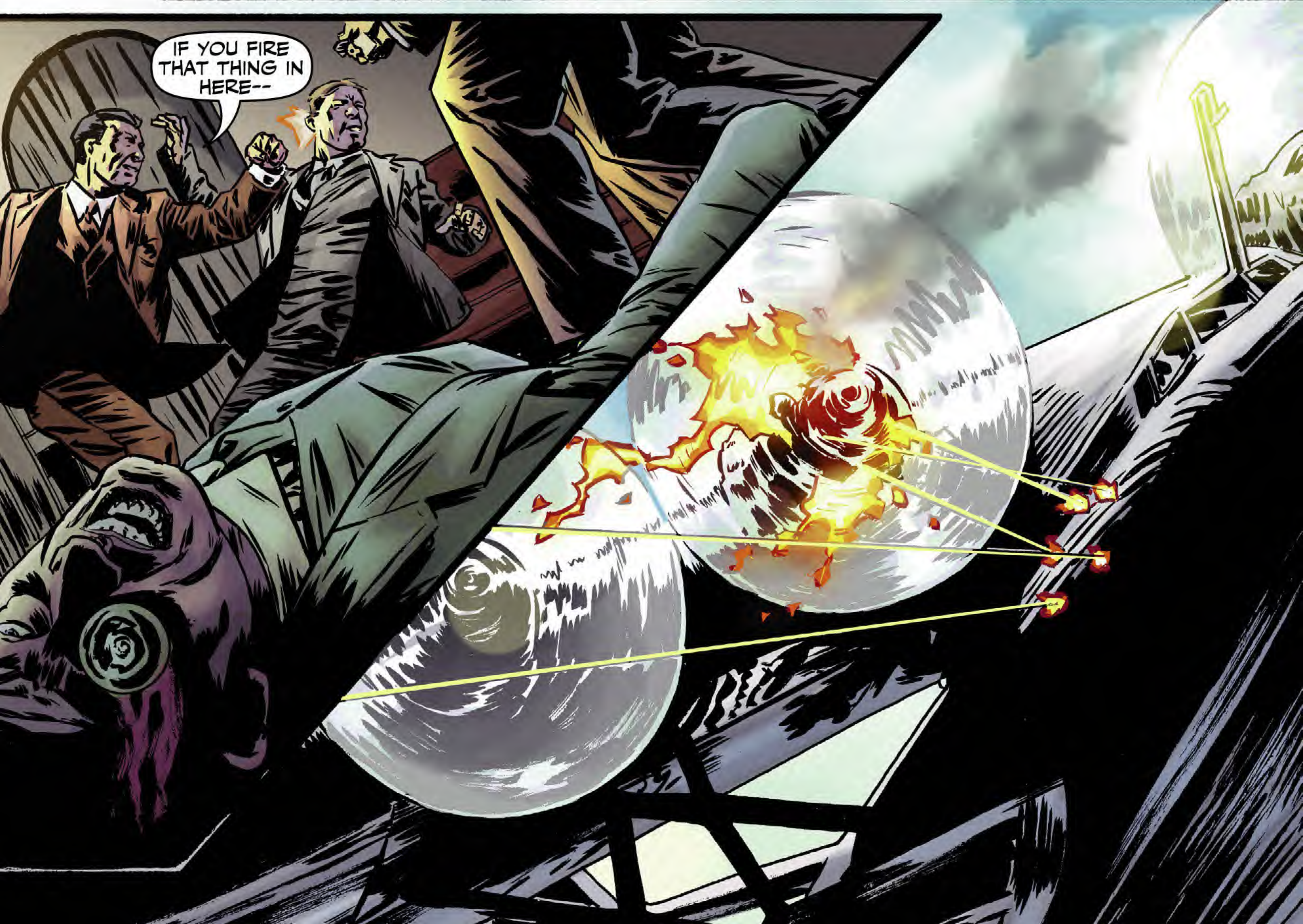
I HAVE A
REVOLVER IN MY
SUITCASE...

ALAS.

HERR CRANSTON,
FRAULEIN LANE: WOULD
YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO
ACCOMPANY US TO THE
MAIN DOOR OF THE
AIRCRAFT?

MAY I
ASK WHY?

SO YOU
CAN LEAP TO
YOUR DEATHS.
GET UP.





MAJOR KONDO, MY DEAR FRIEND...!

GENERAL AKAMATSU, SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

WELCOME TO SHANGHAI.



I ASSUMED YOU WOULD BE HUNGRY AFTER YOUR JOURNEY. THE FOOD HERE IS EXCELLENT.

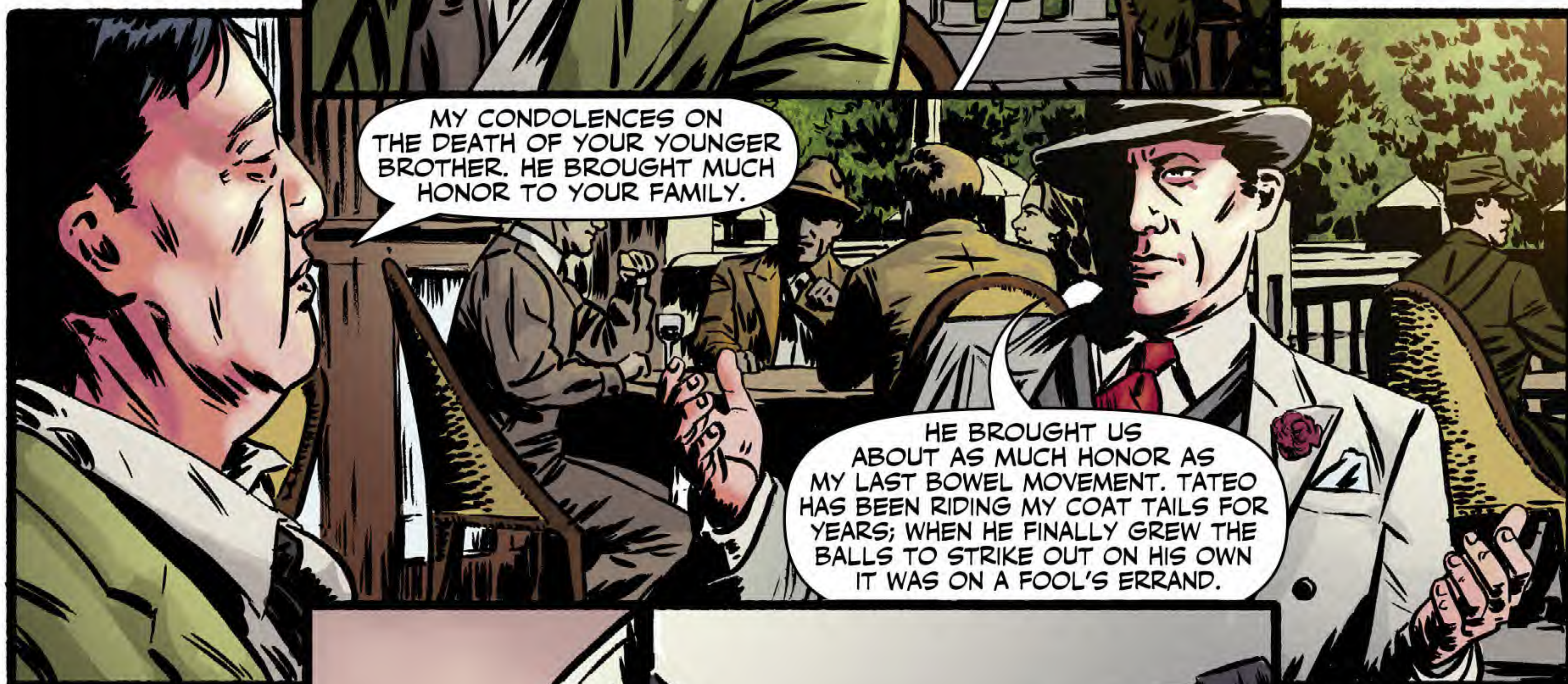
OH, THANK YOU, KONDO, THANK YOU.

CURSE THIS WRETCHED HELLHOLE OF A COUNTRY; I'VE BARELY BEEN BACK HERE TWO HOURS AND ALREADY I FEEL LIKE I'VE CAUGHT SOMETHING DREADFUL...



DISGUSTING PLACE. STUPID, SERVILE LITTLE PEOPLE. WE SHOULD COMPLETE OUR CONQUEST OF THIS CULTURAL DESOLATION AND THEN PLOW THEM ALL INTO THE SOIL.

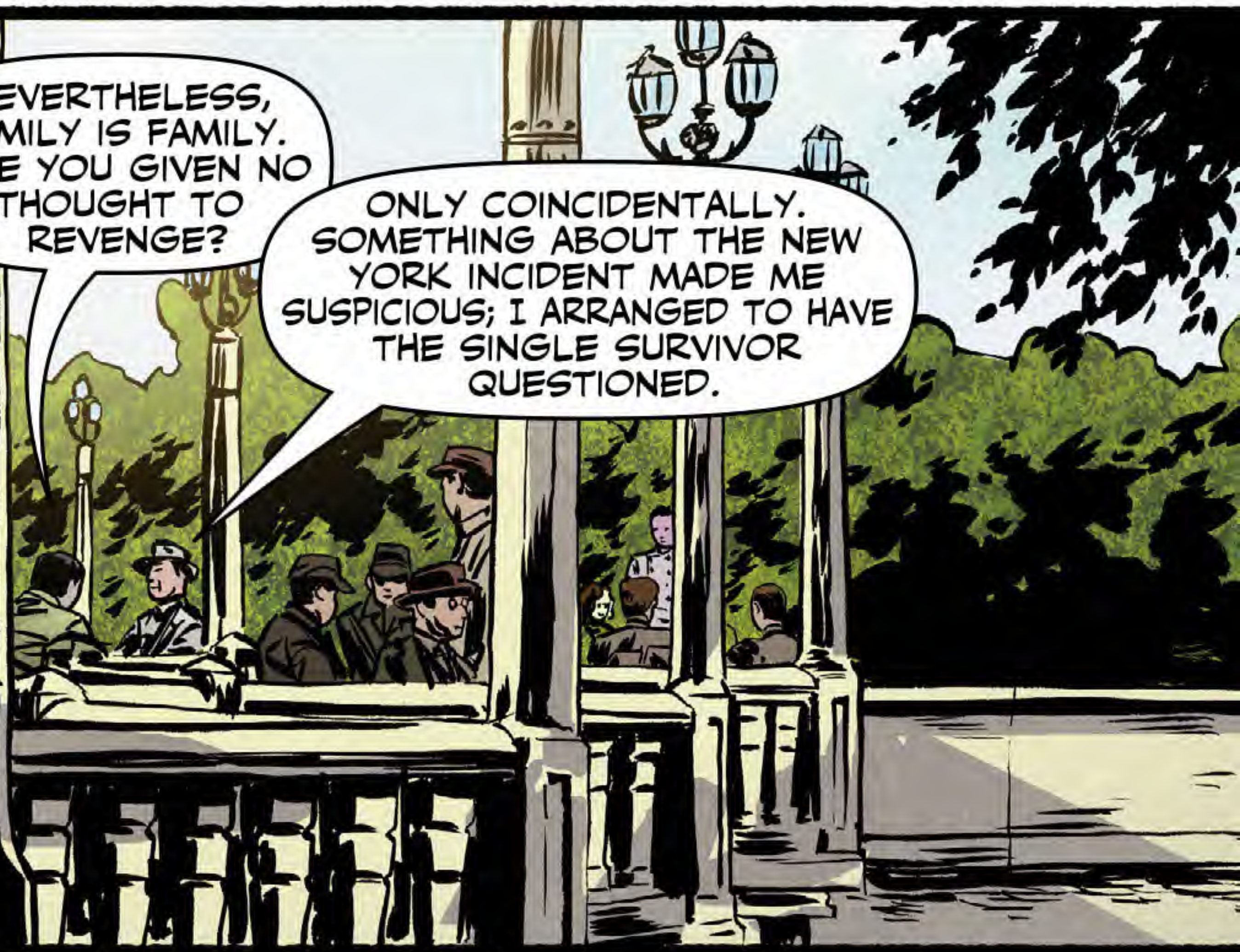
I RECOMMEND THE SHRIMP.





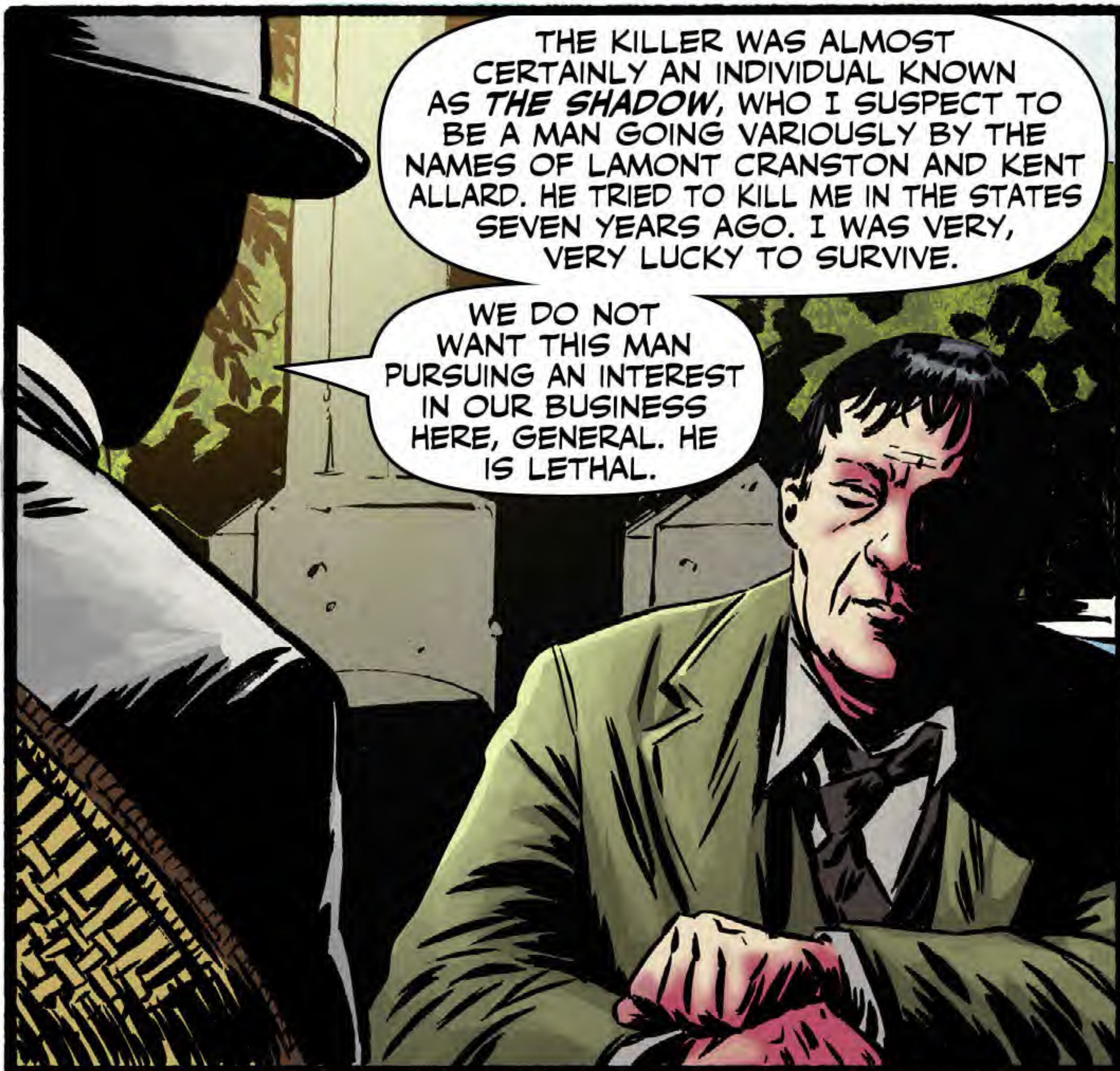
NEVERTHELESS, FAMILY IS FAMILY. HAVE YOU GIVEN NO THOUGHT TO REVENGE?

ONLY COINCIDENTALLY. SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW YORK INCIDENT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS; I ARRANGED TO HAVE THE SINGLE SURVIVOR QUESTIONED.



THE KILLER WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY AN INDIVIDUAL KNOWN AS *THE SHADOW*, WHO I SUSPECT TO BE A MAN GOING VARIOUSLY BY THE NAMES OF LAMONT CRANSTON AND KENT ALLARD. HE TRIED TO KILL ME IN THE STATES SEVEN YEARS AGO. I WAS VERY, VERY LUCKY TO SURVIVE.

WE DO NOT WANT THIS MAN PURSUING AN INTEREST IN OUR BUSINESS HERE, GENERAL. HE IS LETHAL.



SO...?

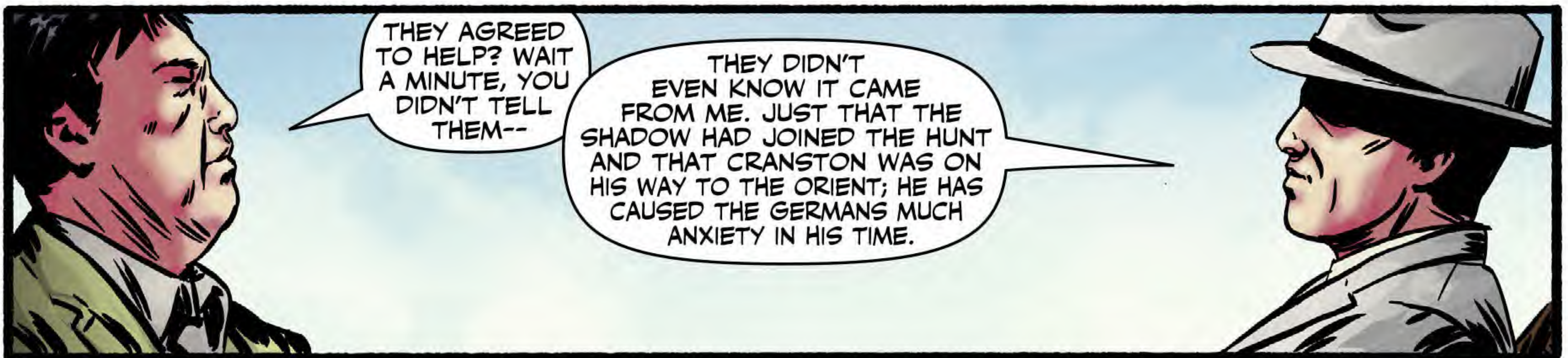
SO, I PUT THE WORD OUT. SURE ENOUGH, CRANSTON AND A COMPANION ARRIVED IN SAN FRANCISCO ON MONDAY AND BOARDED THE PAN AM CHINA CLIPPER THE NEXT DAY.



ASIAN FACES ON SUCH A LUXURIOUS CRAFT WOULD HAVE INSTANTLY AROUSED HIS SUSPICION. BUT I ALLOWED THE NEWS TO REACH OUR FRIENDS IN THE ABWEHR...

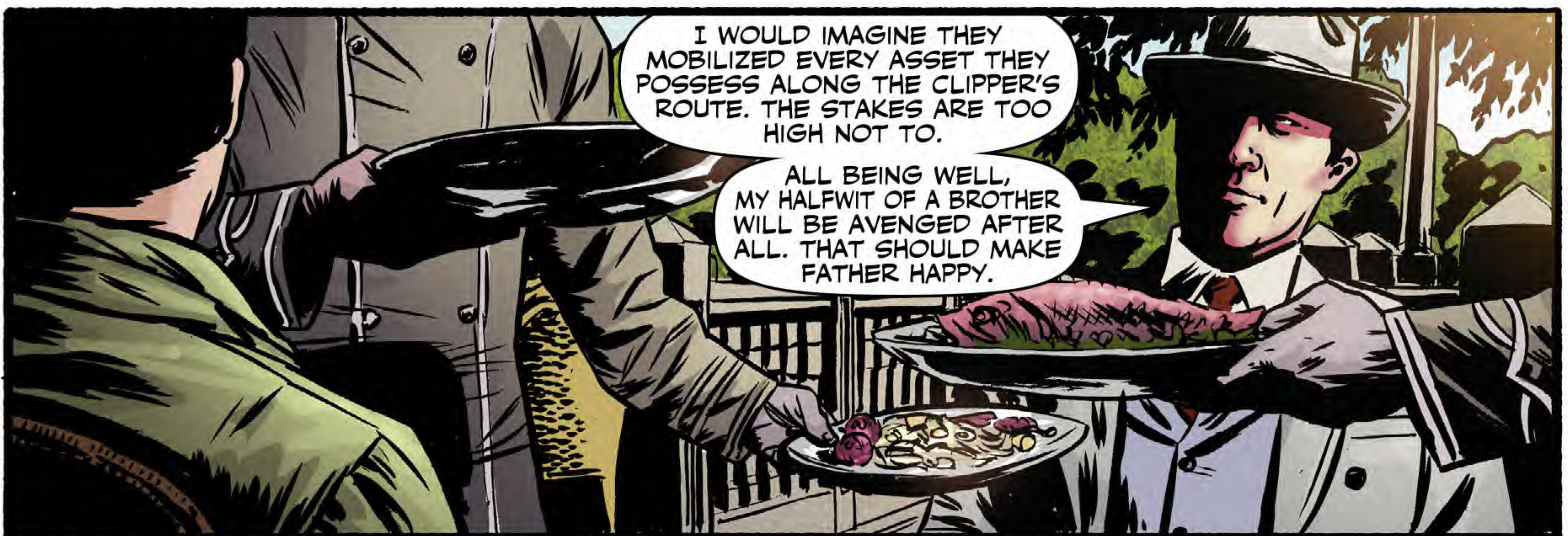
THEY AGREED TO HELP? WAIT A MINUTE, YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM--

THEY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT CAME FROM ME. JUST THAT THE SHADOW HAD JOINED THE HUNT AND THAT CRANSTON WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE ORIENT; HE HAS CAUSED THE GERMANS MUCH ANXIETY IN HIS TIME.



I WOULD IMAGINE THEY MOBILIZED EVERY ASSET THEY POSSESS ALONG THE CLIPPER'S ROUTE. THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH NOT TO.

ALL BEING WELL, MY HALFWIT OF A BROTHER WILL BE AVENGED AFTER ALL. THAT SHOULD MAKE FATHER HAPPY.



OKAY--
OKAY, I'VE
GOT HER, SHE'S
COMING UP--

LOOKS
LIKE IT'S
NUMBER
THREE!

FEATHER IT!
SOMEONE FIND OUT
WHAT THE HELL'S
GOING ON, I KNOW
I HEARD SHOOTING
BACK THERE!

JOE, LOAD
THE FLARE PISTOL,
IF WE HAVE TO PUT
HER DOWN LET'S MAKE
SURE EVERY SHIP IN THE
AREA KNOWS WHERE
WE ARE...!

TEUFEL!

SCHWEINER
AMERIKANER--!

GET TO
THE COCKPIT--
TELL THE PILOT
TO LAND AT
ONCE--

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING--?

THE
BAGGAGE
HOLD.

STOP FOR
NOTHING.

AAAAAAHHH!!







SO WHO'S THIS **BRIGAND** YOU SAID YOU WERE IN TOUCH WITH...?

LORD WONG PAN-YANG. THEY CALL HIM THE BUFFALO.



WHY?

BECAUSE HE'S A HUGE, FAT, HAIRY, SMELLY BASTARD.

VISITING INLAND CHINA IS LIKE STEPPING BACK IN TIME, GENERAL. BANDITS, BRUTES AND BUGGERS. WE CAN'T BE TOO CHOOSY ABOUT WHO WE DO BUSINESS WITH.



AND HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS CREATURE?

BETTER YOU DON'T ASK.

MM.



I AM NOT COMFORTABLE WITH SUCH ASSOCIATIONS, KONDO. YOUR PAST BEFORE YOU JOINED THE ARMY WILL REMAIN YOUR BUSINESS, BUT BE AWARE THAT WHEN I SPEAK OF HONOR I DO NOT DO SO LIGHTLY.

THREE DAYS AGO I WAS SUMMONED BY THE EMPEROR HIMSELF. IT SEEMS HE HAS TAKEN A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THIS MATTER.

REALLY? WHAT DID HE SAY?

"THAT WE DO WHAT
WE DO HERE FOR THE
GLORY OF JAPAN.

"THAT HE HAS ENTRUSTED
ME, HIS GREATEST GENERAL,
WITH THE MOST CRUCIAL TASK
EVER GIVEN TO A SOLDIER
OF THE EMPIRE.

"I SWORE ON MY HONOR
THAT I WOULD NOT RETURN
EMPTY-HANDED. AND DO YOU
KNOW WHAT THE EMPEROR DID?"

"HE NODDED."

SO YOU SEE WHY
TALK OF DEALS WITH
BANDIT KINGS DOES NOT
REASSURE ME...

GENERAL, WE WILL
TAKE WHAT WE NEED
FROM BUFFALO WONG
AND THEN-IF YOU WISH-
WE WILL KILL HIM.

HE IS AN
AFTERTHOUGHT.
A FOOTNOTE IN
YOUR GLORIOUS
STORY.

EASILY
ERASED.





WUHHH



YOU FIGHT
LIKE A GIRL.
ALL CLAWS AND
FINGERS.

AAAAHH!!



YOU'D BE PISSING
BLOOD TOMORROW
MORNING—

IF IT WERE
NOT FOR THE
OBVIOUS—



WHAT'S
GOING ON, THE
PASSENGERS ARE—
MY GOD...!

STAND
ASIDE!

AAAAH,
GOTT!
VERDAMMT!

STUPID
LITTLE AMERICAN
SLUT, IF YOU'VE
RUINED MY EYE
I PROMISE I'LL
MAKE THIS
LAST—

NO!

DON'T SHOOT,
DON'T SHOOT! THE
FUEL TANKS ARE
UP THERE!





SHOOT ME,
DEMON.
SHOOT ME.

SEND
US ALL TO
HELL.

I DO
ANOTHER TANK
AND YOU'RE FLYING
ON ONE ENGINE—

WHICH MEANS
YOU'RE NOT FLYING—
AT ALL—



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



OTTO
RICHTER?

WHERE IS
IT YOU THINK
YOU ARE?



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING...TO YOUR
MOTHER?

TO YOUR
SWEET, ADORING
MOTHER?

WHY ARE
YOU ELBOWS-DEEP
IN THE WOMAN WHO
GAVE YOU LIFE?



OTTO...?

AAAAAAHHH!!!

NO--
NO NO
NO--

OH MY
GOD OH MY GOD
OH MY GOD!

UUH--

AAAAHH--!



HHUUUUHHHHHHH



OH, JESUS...

HHUUUUHHH

I...I'M...



LET THAT CARRION BE.



PILOT, YOU HAVE FOURTEEN PASSENGERS. TWO ENGINES LEFT WITH WHICH TO SAVE THEM.

AAAAAAH...!

LIVE, DAMN YOU.



LIVE.



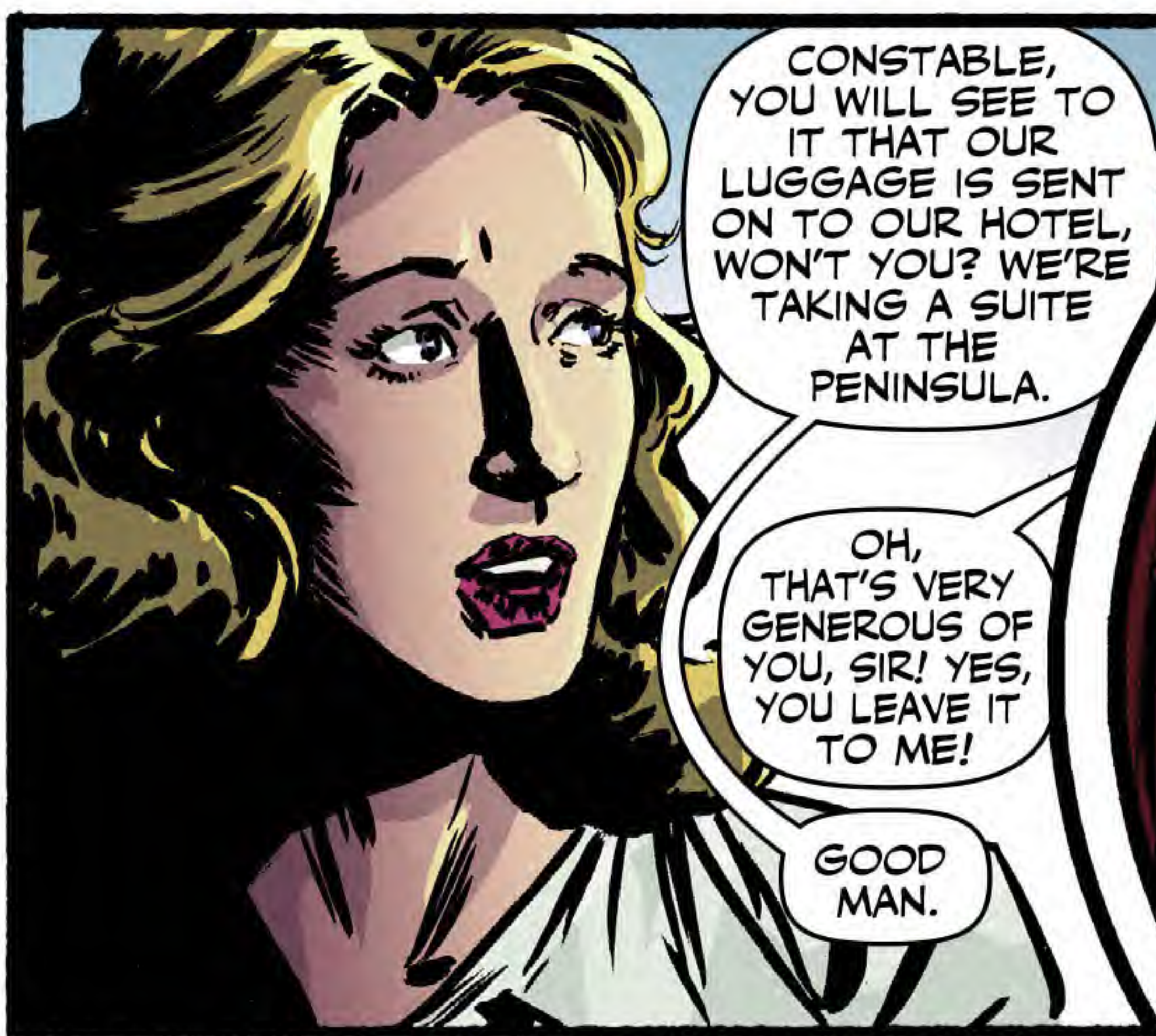
WELCOME
TO HONG KONG,
MISS LANE.



IS THAT ALL
YOU CAN THINK
TO SAY...?

WHAT ELSE IS
THERE? TRY NOT TO
SEEM ANY MORE
AGITATED
THAN THE REST OF
THEM, THE
POLICE ARE GOING
TO BE LOOKING FOR
EYEWITNESSES.

CONSTABLE?



CONSTABLE,
YOU WILL SEE TO
IT THAT OUR
LUGGAGE IS SENT
ON TO OUR HOTEL,
WON'T YOU? WE'RE
TAKING A SUITE
AT THE PENINSULA.

OH,
THAT'S VERY
GENEROUS OF
YOU, SIR! YES,
YOU LEAVE IT
TO ME!

GOOD
MAN.



"NOW WE
CAN GET TO
WORK."

ISSUE

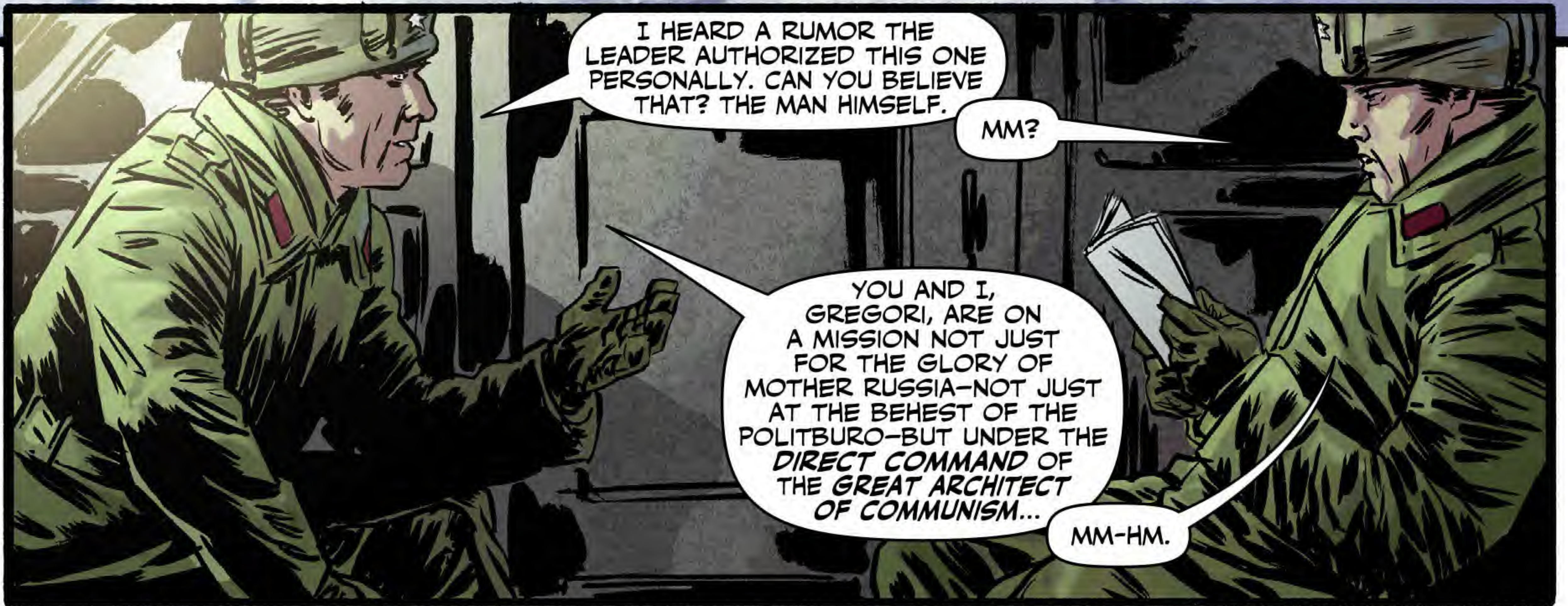
THREE







DO YOU
HAVE ANY IDEA
HOW HIGH THIS
GOES?



I HEARD A RUMOR THE
LEADER AUTHORIZED THIS ONE
PERSONALLY. CAN YOU BELIEVE
THAT? THE MAN HIMSELF.

MM?

YOU AND I,
GREGORI, ARE ON
A MISSION NOT JUST
FOR THE GLORY OF
MOTHER RUSSIA—NOT JUST
AT THE BEHEST OF THE
POLITBURO—BUT UNDER THE
DIRECT COMMAND OF
THE *GREAT ARCHITECT*
OF COMMUNISM...

MM-HM.



IF WE CAN BRING THIS OFF,
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT COULD
MEAN FOR ME? FOR, FOR US?

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT
NOW, GREGORI. THIS IS THE
KIND OF THING THAT MAKES
CAREERS. YOU MARK MY
WORDS, MY FRIEND:

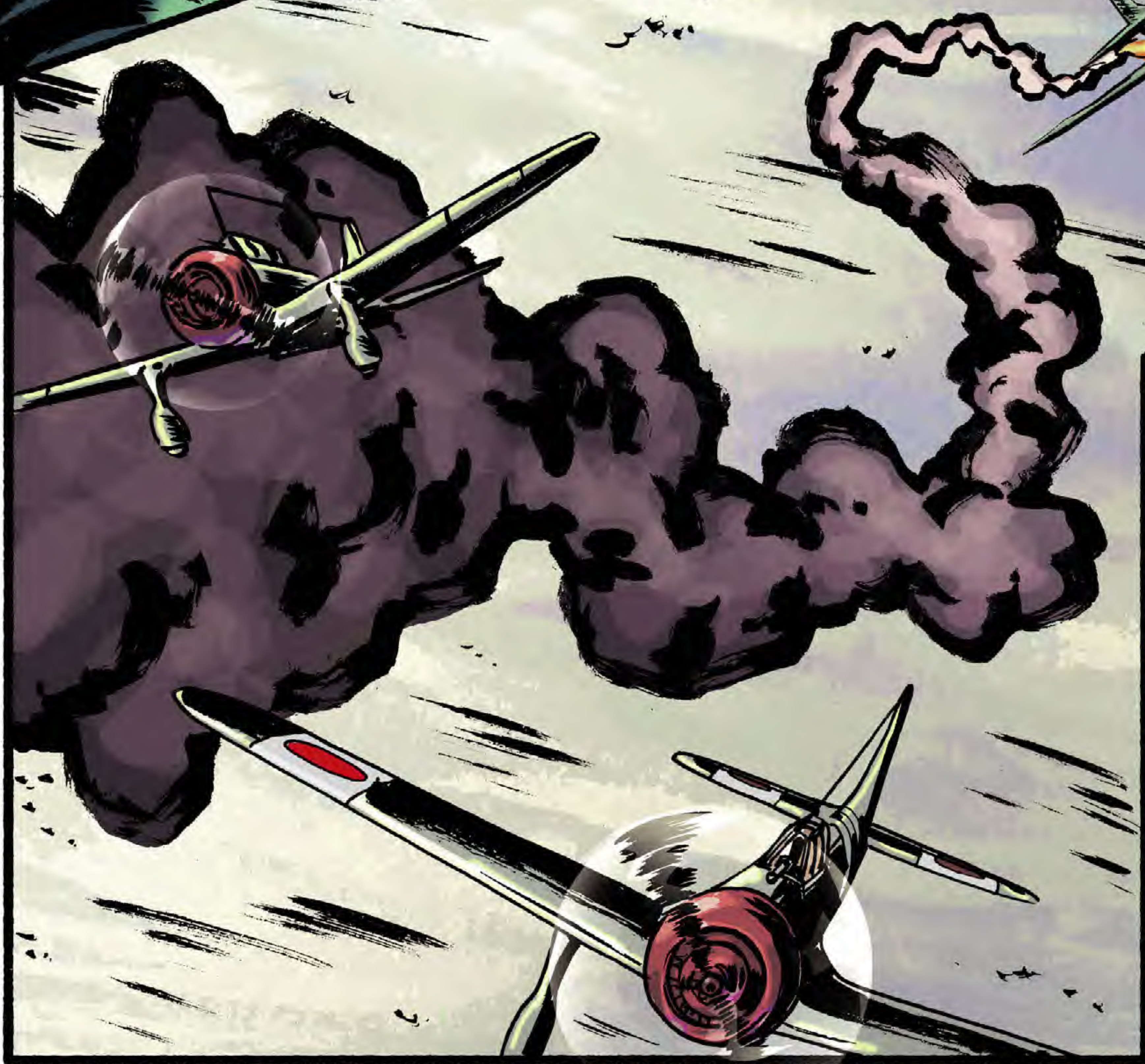


SHIT!

THE *Shadow* IN THE FIRE OF CREATION

PART THREE







YOU NEVER
CEASE TO AMAZE ME,
KONDO. THE INTELLIGENCE
YOU GATHER IS REMARKABLE,
YOU MUST HAVE PEOPLE
EVERYWHERE...

I TRY.
LET'S SEE,
WHERE ARE WE
NOW:

THE RUSSIANS: DOSVIDANJA,
COMRADES. THE GERMANS:
I MADE A TENTATIVE APPROACH
TO THEIR PARTY WHEN THEY
ARRIVED, BUT THE RESPONSE
WAS BARELY LUKEWARM.

THE AMERICANS, WELL,
CRANSTON GAVE MY PEOPLE THE
SLIP SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HONG
KONG AND HERE-BUT THE ATTEMPT
WILL BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT
HIM. OUR OBSERVERS ON THE
YANGTZE REPORT A GUNBOAT
ABORTING ITS PATROL AND
RETURNING TO PORT SIX DAYS
AGO, REASONS UNKNOWN.



REASONS
COMPLETELY
OBVIOUS.



AND THE BRITISH...WILL PROBABLY
SIDE WITH THE AMERICANS, SO LONG
AS IT SUITS THEM. ALL THE SAME, WE
UNDERESTIMATE THAT NATION OF
PIRATES AT OUR PERIL.

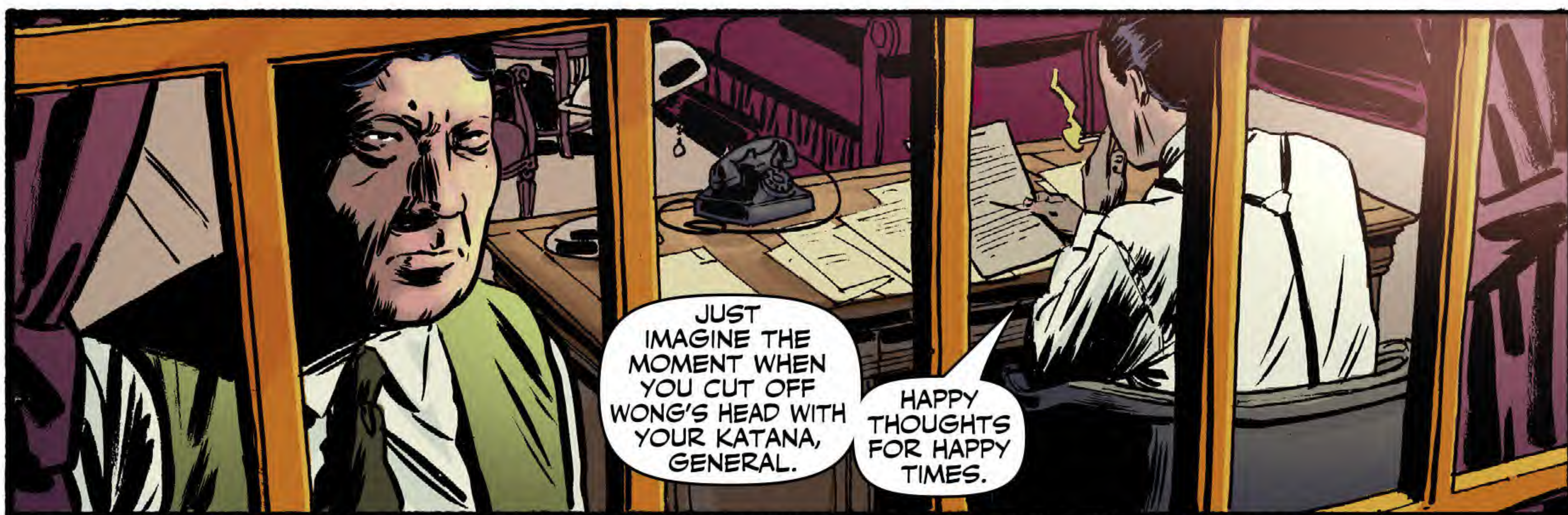
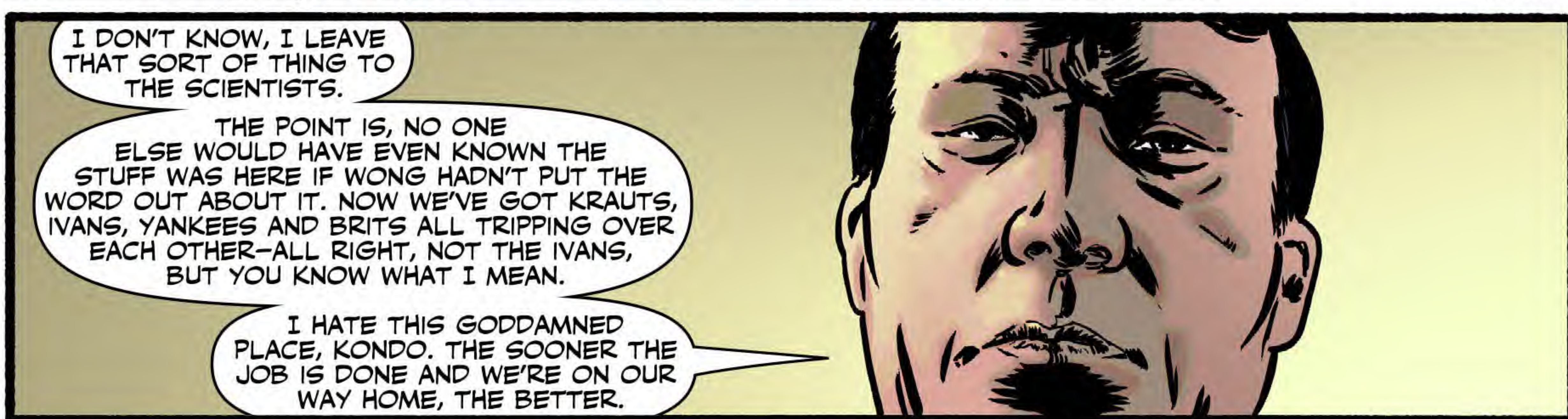
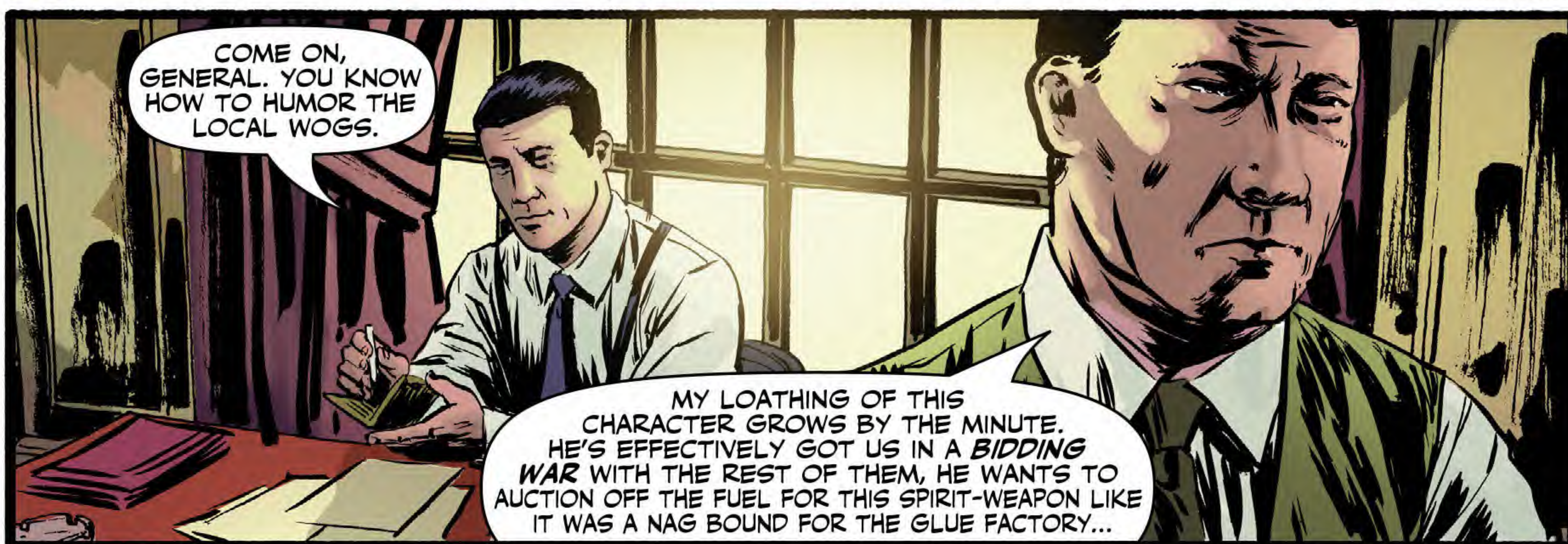
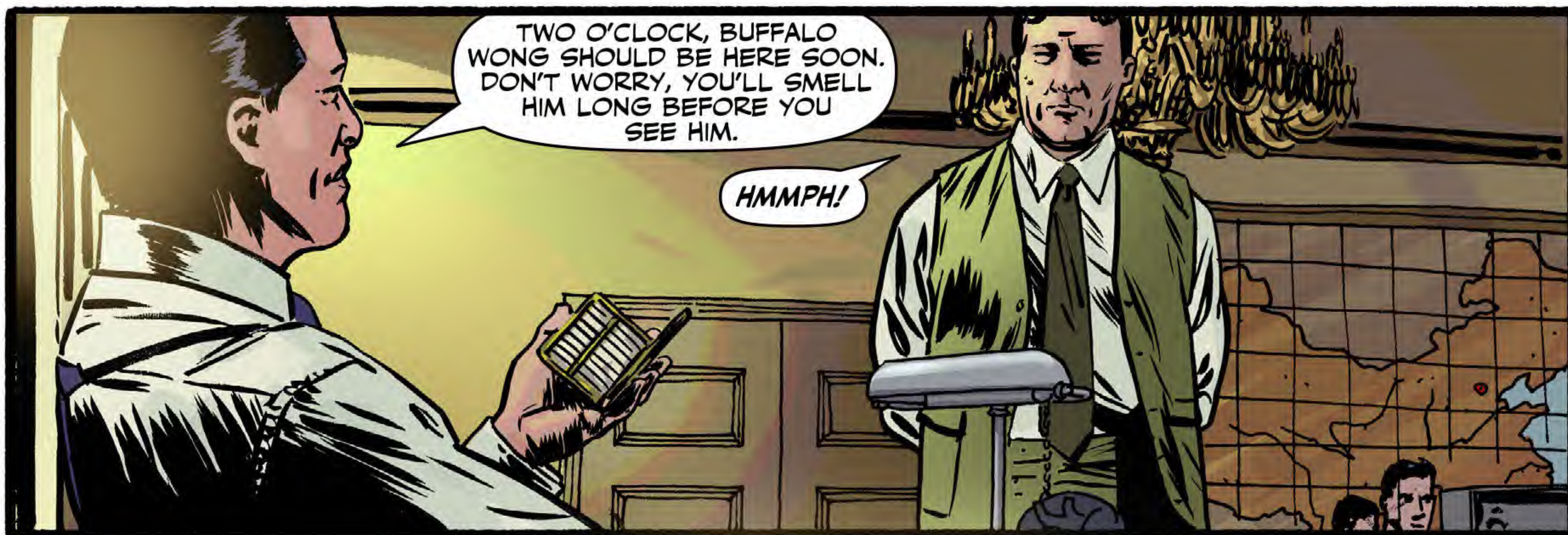
THAT'S
CERTAINLY
EVERYONE WHO
TURNED UP IN
AFRICA.

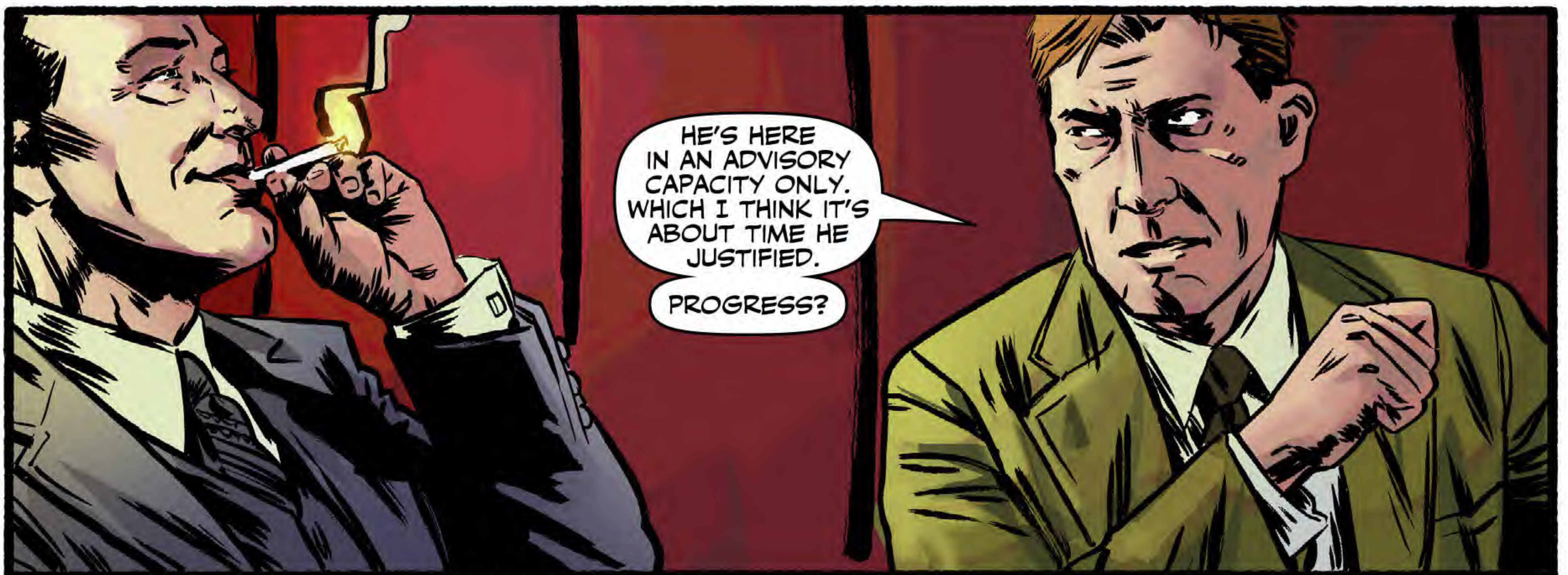
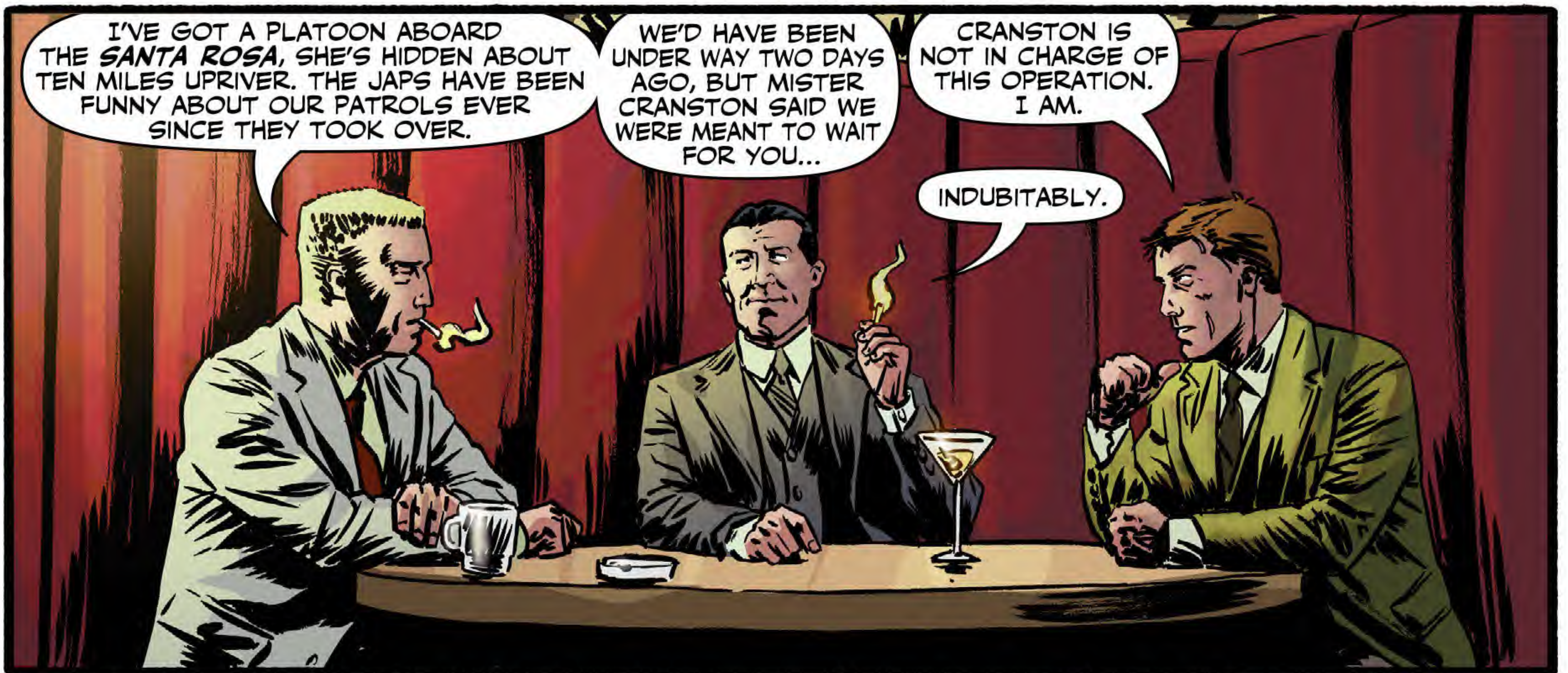
WHAT'S
WRONG WITH THE
GERMANS, JUST AS
A MATTER OF
INTEREST?




THEY'RE WHITE AND WE'RE
NOT. THE FUHRER'S RACIAL
OBSESSIONS SEEM TO HAVE
STRUCK A CHORD WITH
HIS PEOPLE.

NO MATTER.
WE ALL HAVE
OUR PARTS
TO PLAY.







THE BANDIT WONG HAS BEEN UNCHARACTERISTICALLY QUIET SINCE HE MADE HIS INITIAL APPROACH TO THE VARIOUS GOVERNMENTS. WHICH LEADS ME TO SUSPECT THAT KONDO'S BID HAS CARRIED THE DAY.


THE TWO GO BACK A LONG WAY; THEY'VE MADE A LOT OF MONEY TOGETHER OVER THE YEARS.

AND YOU GO BACK A LONG WAY WITH THEM...

KONDO'S GENIUS LIES IN HIS USE OF INFORMERS, WHICH IS WHY I'VE BEEN KEEPING A LOW PROFILE SINCE I ARRIVED HERE. BUT TONIGHT I'VE BOOKED A TABLE FOR TWO AT THE WHITE TIGER CLUB, WHERE LITTLE EVER GOES UNNOTICED.

ALL BEING WELL, WORD WILL REACH KONDO AND HE'LL SEND ASSASSINS—I DOUBT WE'D BE LUCKY ENOUGH THAT HE'D COME HIMSELF. I'LL QUESTION ONE OF THESE HIRELINGS AS TO HIS LOCATION, THEN ELIMINATE HIM.

WAIT A MINUTE, I NEVER AUTHORIZED ANY OF THAT! AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO QUESTION A--



WITHOUT KONDO, THE JAPANESE VENTURE SHOULD BECOME FATALLY DISORGANIZED. CAPTAIN LLOYD, IF YOU COULD HAVE THE SANTA ROSA STANDING BY FOR AN EARLY DEPARTURE TOMORROW...

WILL DO.

HEY! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM ME, NOT HIM!

SO WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

UH... WELL...

I GUESS IF YOU COULD, COULD HAVE THE BOAT READY FOR AN EARLY DEPARTURE...



WILL DO.

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN.

I WANT A WORD WITH YOU.

ARE YOU TRYING TO UNDERMINE MY AUTHORITY, CRANSTON? IS THAT THE IDEA?

MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT YOU COULD EVEN THINK SUCH A THING...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE DOING HERE. BUT I TOLD YOU WHAT I LIKE AND DON'T LIKE, AND MISTER, YOU ARE DEFINITELY IN THE SECOND COLUMN...

PUTTING ME ALONGSIDE MONKEY BUSINESS, AS I RECALL. AND...BACK DOOR STUFF, WASN'T THAT WHAT YOU PROFESSED TO DISLIKE?

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, **PROFESSED** TO DISLIKE--?



JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK--

MISTER FINNEGAN, I ASSURE YOU THAT MY AIMS IN THIS AFFAIR COINCIDE COMPLETELY WITH THOSE OF YOUR GOVERNMENT. AND, YES, THAT YOU ARE THE ONE RUNNING THE SHOW.

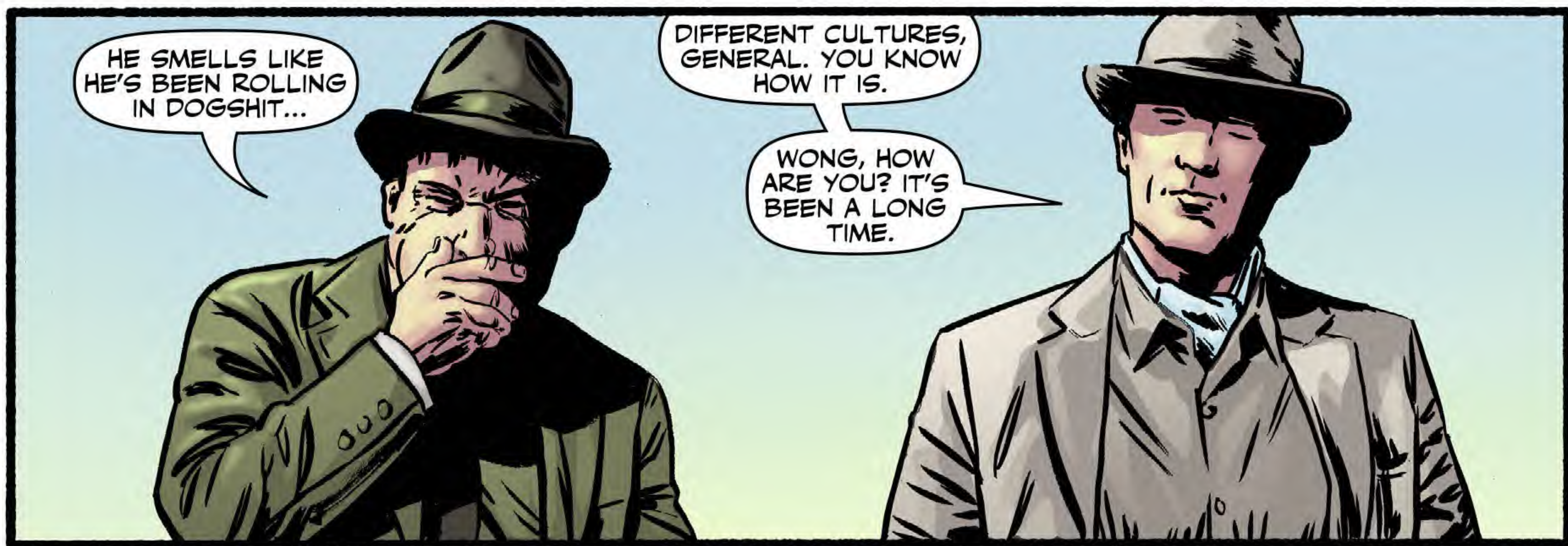
AS A GESTURE OF GOOD FAITH, CAN I INVITE YOU TO JOIN ME AT THE WHITE TIGER TONIGHT? I'D APPRECIATE A HAND AGAINST WHATEVER RABBLE KONDO SENDS ALONG, AND TOM LANDERS SEEMED MOST IMPRESSED BY YOUR ABILITY WITH A THIRTY-EIGHT...



HE DID?

AH-- THAT'S--

NINE O'CLOCK SHARP.





KONDO!

YOU LOOK WELL. RED MEAT AND FAT WHORES, WASN'T THAT YOUR SECRET?

I THINK THAT MIGHT BE SOMEBODY ELSE.

WONG PAN-YANG, GENERAL SABURO AKAMUTSU.



THEY CALL ME THE BUFFALO.

THEY CALL ME SIR.

HEH!



WELL, SIR GENERAL, YOU'RE GOING TO BE GLAD YOU THREW IN YOUR LOT WITH BUFFALO WONG. YOUR GOLD IS GOING TO BUY YOU YOUR EMPEROR'S EVERLASTING GRATITUDE.

DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO? WHO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT--?



EMPEROR HIROHITO OF NIPPON IS A *GOD*—
HE RULES IMPERIAL JAPAN, HE RULES THE
CONQUERED TERRITORIES OF *THESE*
BENIGHTED WASTES--

OORRGHH!

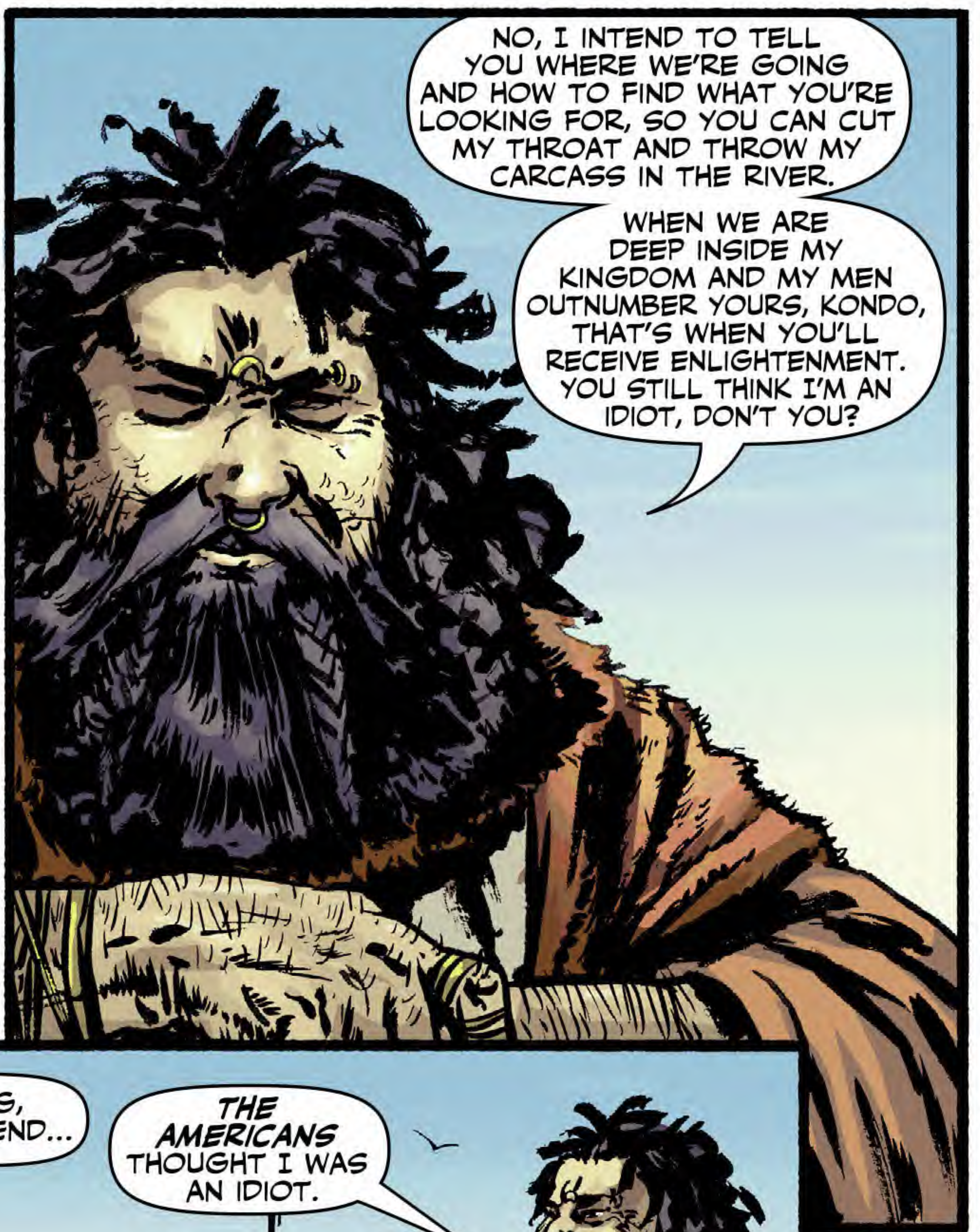
APOLOGIES,
GREAT SIR GENERAL.
TOO MANY PEPPERS IN
THE WON TON.



HA! HA!
HA HA HA
HA HA!

HIS
HEAD, YOUR
KATANA.

WONG,
YOU INTEND TO
GUIDE US THERE
YOURSELF?



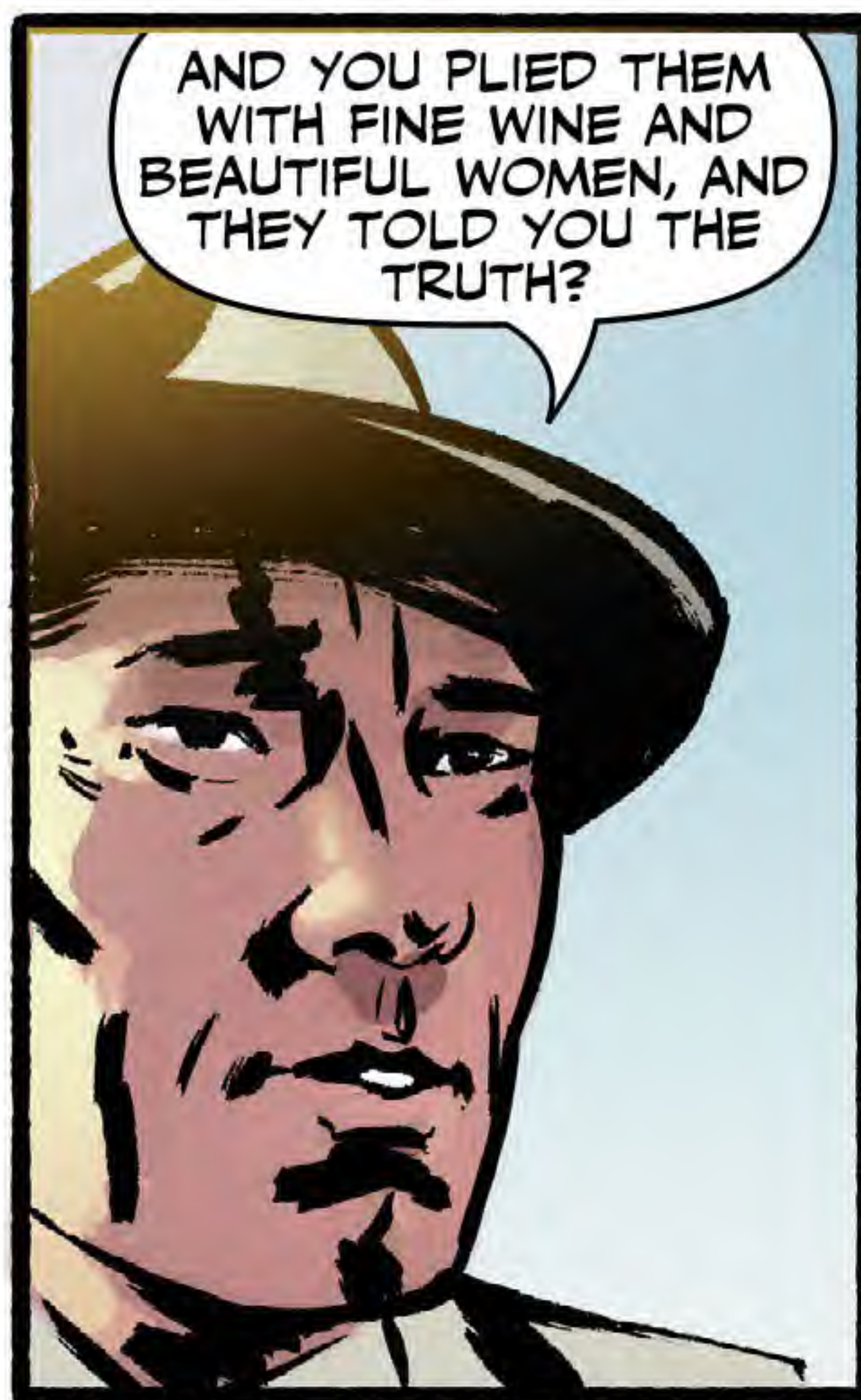
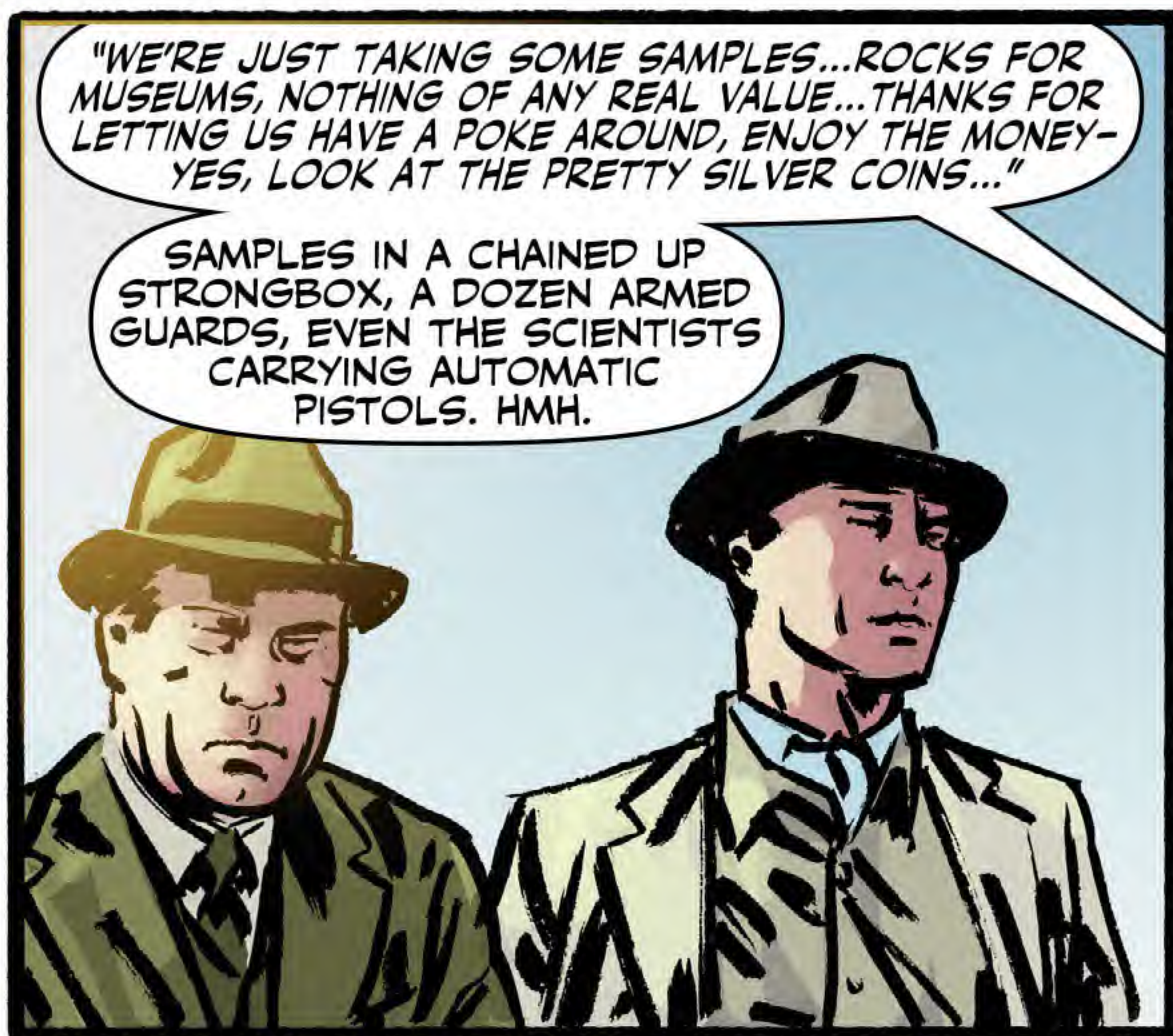
NO, I INTEND TO TELL
YOU WHERE WE'RE GOING
AND HOW TO FIND WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR, SO YOU CAN CUT
MY THROAT AND THROW MY
CARCASS IN THE RIVER.

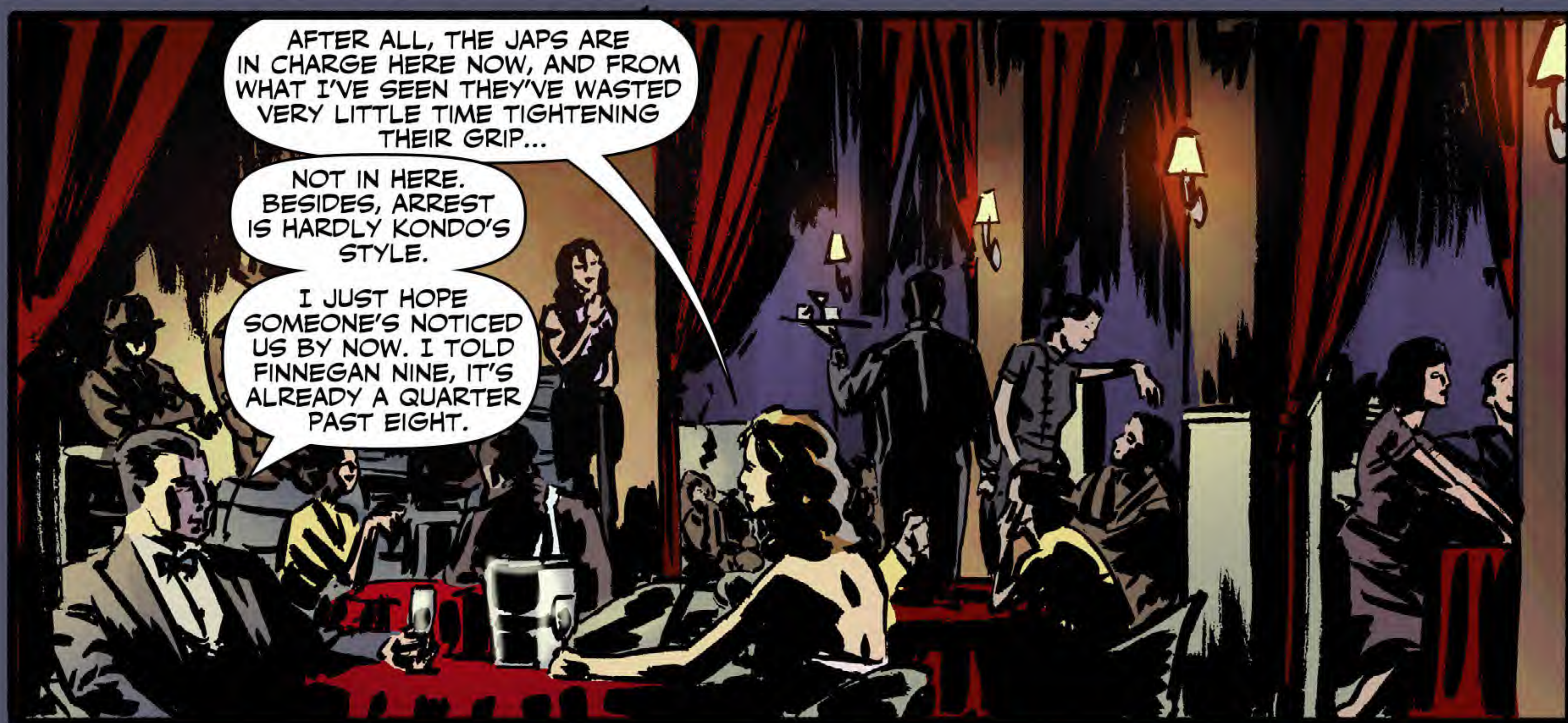
WHEN WE ARE
DEEP INSIDE MY
KINGDOM AND MY MEN
OUTNUMBER YOURS, KONDO,
THAT'S WHEN YOU'LL
RECEIVE ENLIGHTENMENT.
YOU STILL THINK I'M AN
IDIOT, DON'T YOU?

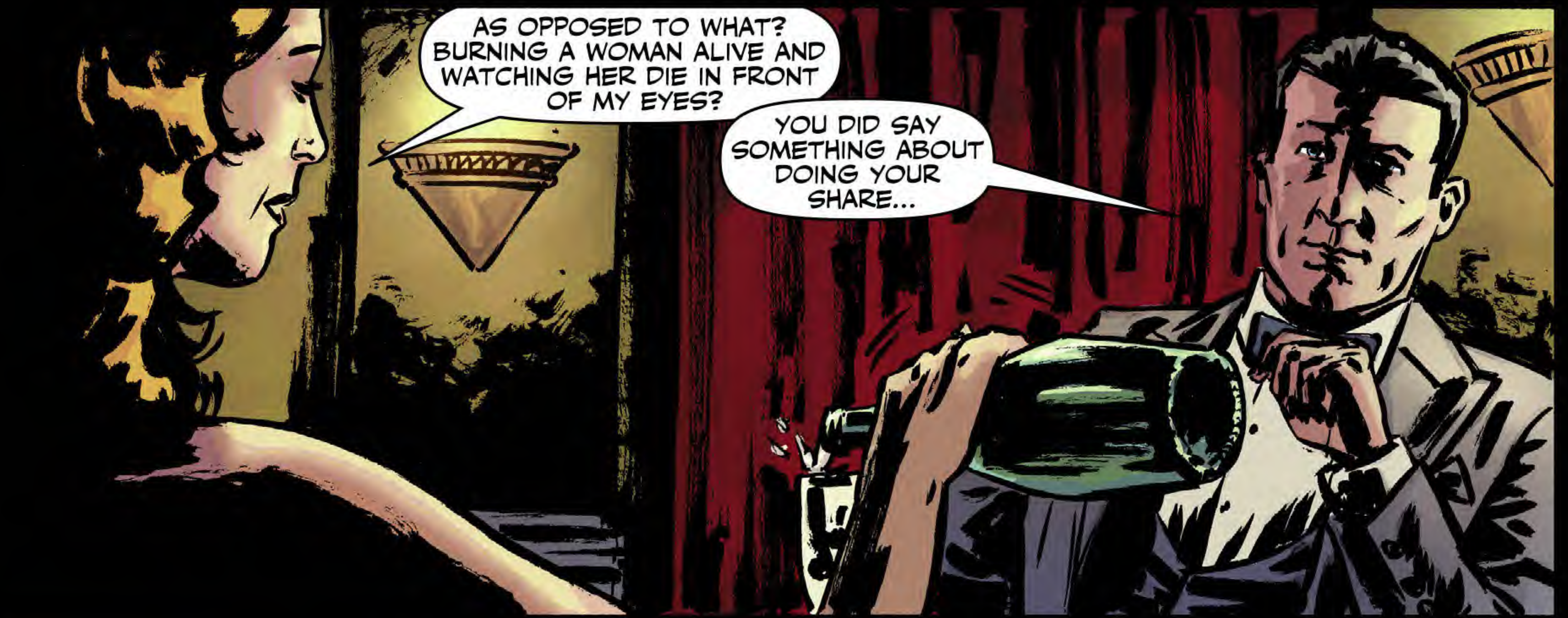


WONG,
OLD FRIEND...

THE
AMERICANS
THOUGHT I WAS
AN IDIOT.











WAAAH--!



AAAAAAHHH!!!



"YOU KNOW, EVEN WITH THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, YOU COULD WELL FIND YOURSELF OUTNUMBERED..."

"DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF, MISS LANE."

"BUT THERE COULD BE AN ARMY WAITING FOR YOU...!"

"THEN GOD HAVE MERCY ON THEIR SOULS."

SCUM OF NIPPON--

MEET YOUR FATE!!








HILFE-
HELFEN SIE
MIR-
BITTE!!

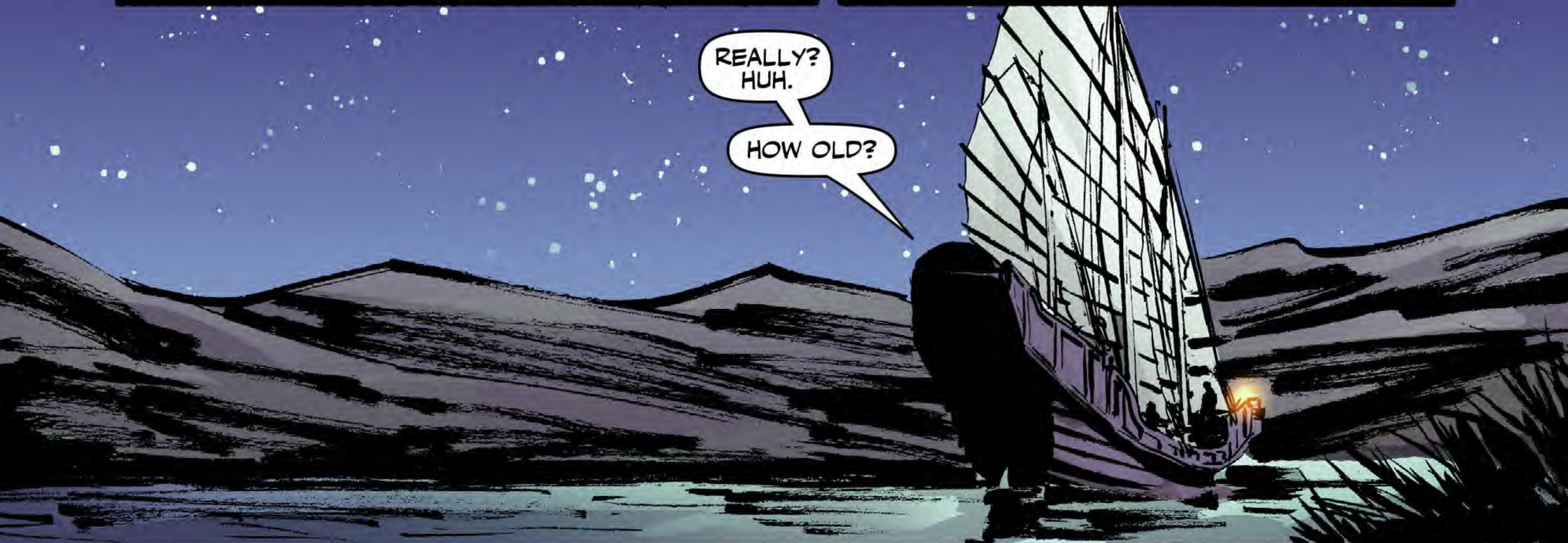


...THE
GERMANS.

WELL PLAYED,
FIEND.



YOU'VE BOUGHT
YOURSELF A FEW
MORE GRAINS OF
THE SANDS OF
TIME.



ISSUE

FOUR





"WHO IS HE?"

"I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT I KNOW."



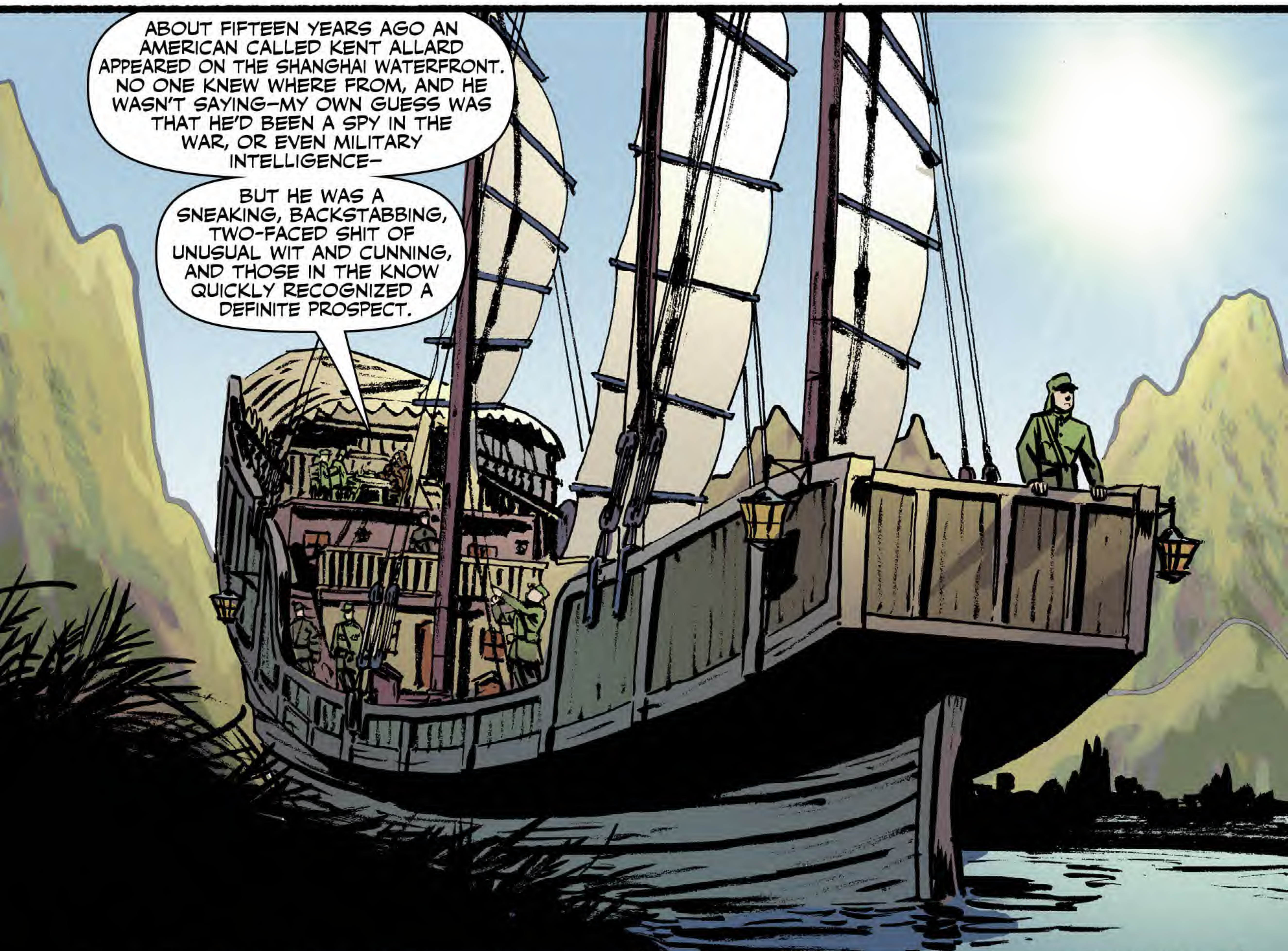
Shadow

THE FIRE OF CREATION

PART FOUR

ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO AN AMERICAN CALLED KENT ALLARD APPEARED ON THE SHANGHAI WATERFRONT. NO ONE KNEW WHERE FROM, AND HE WASN'T SAYING—MY OWN GUESS WAS THAT HE'D BEEN A SPY IN THE WAR, OR EVEN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE—

BUT HE WAS A SNEAKING, BACKSTABBING, TWO-FACED SHIT OF UNUSUAL WIT AND CUNNING, AND THOSE IN THE KNOW QUICKLY RECOGNIZED A DEFINITE PROSPECT.



THOSE IN THE KNOW INCLUDING YOU TWO...

I HAD A NUMBER OF BUSINESS INTERESTS IN THE REGION. WONG WASN'T A BANDIT KING IN THOSE DAYS, BUT HE RAN SLAVES AND OPIUM ON THE RIVER, HAD A LOT OF CONTACTS UP-COUNTRY...

AARRRPP



SHAMEFUL.

OH, SORRY, GREAT SIR GENERAL! YOU'RE NOT AT SOME QUEERBOY TOKYO TEA CEREMONY NOW!

NOT YOU, HIM.



THAT A JAPANESE OFFICER COULD EVER HAVE--

WELL, LET'S SAY IT'S A GOOD JOB I DID, OR WE WOULDN'T BE SITTING HERE NOW.

ANYWAY.



"ALLARD SOON KNEW EVERYONE, AND EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYONE. HE ROMANCED THEIR WHORES AND BOUGHT OFF THEIR SERVANTS. IDENTIFIED ACHILLES' HEELS.

"WITHIN A MONTH, EVERYONE WHO NEEDED TO HAD FOUND THEIR WAY TO THE GRAVE. THAT TURNED OUT TO BE REMARKABLY FEW; ALLARD WAS MORE A SURGEON THAN A BUTCHER, AND CUT AWAY ONLY THE MOST STUBBORN TISSUE.

"THERE WAS NO HONOR ON THE WATERFRONT. NO DEAR OLD FRIENDS TO BE AVENGED. WE WATCHED, TOOK NOTE, SHRUGGED, AND CARRIED ON DOING BUSINESS.

"PROFITS SOARED."

THINGS WENT WELL FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS. ALLARD WAS NEVER STUPID ENOUGH TO SET HIMSELF UP AS SOME KIND OF KING OF THE SHANGHAI UNDERWORLD, THAT WASN'T THE GOAL AT ALL.

EVERYONE THRIVED, EVERYONE WAS HAPPY. AND THEN ALLARD SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED, AND WHAT CAME BACK IN HIS PLACE... WAS...

WHAT?

SORRY, GENERAL. MY FINELY-HONED CYNICISM DESERTS ME AT TIMES LIKE THESE.

BUT SOMEONE CAME BACK.



"SOMEONE WHO KNEW
EXACTLY WHAT ALLARD
KNEW. ABOUT EVERYONE
AND EVERYTHING.

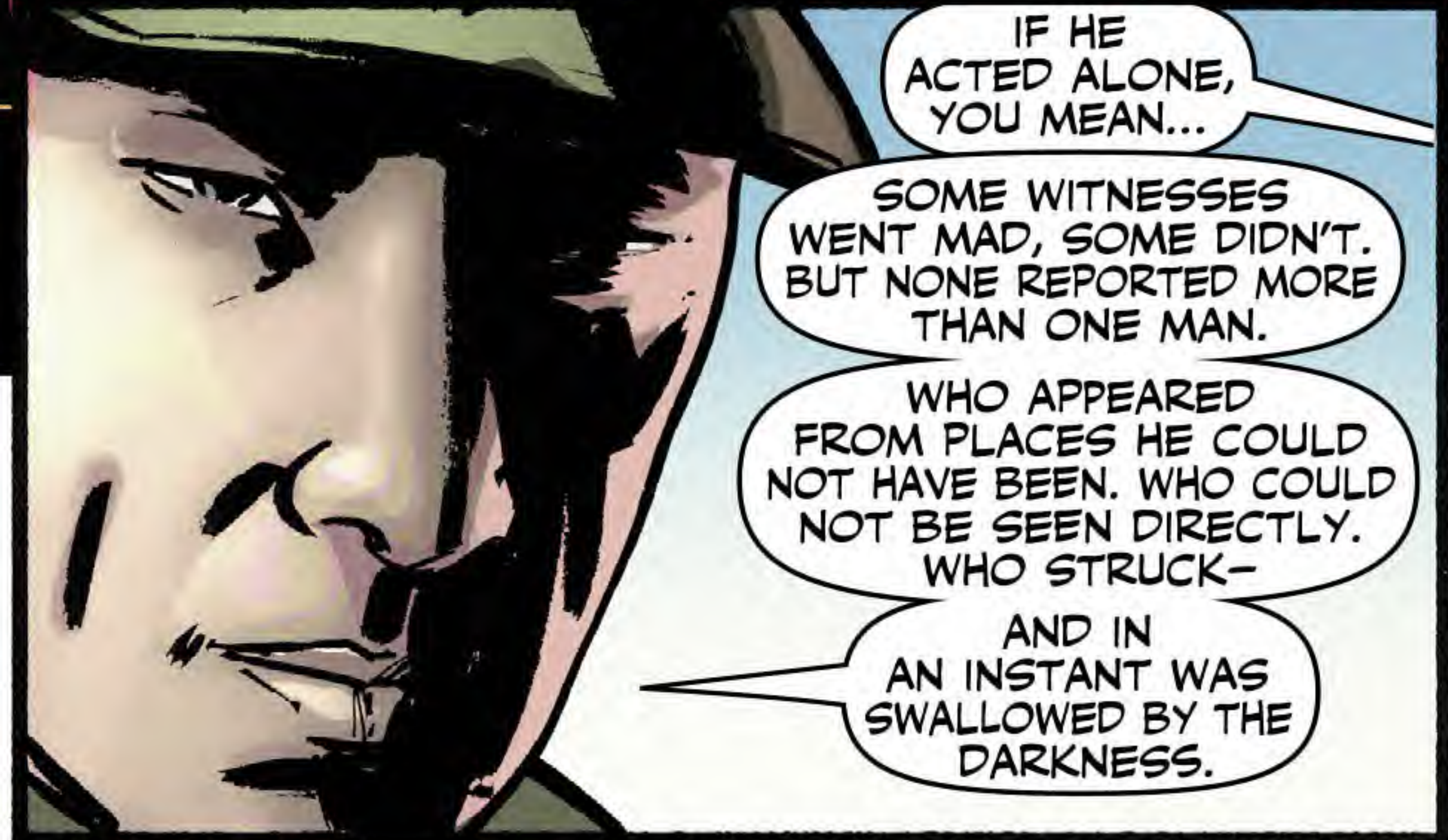
"HIDING PLACES. SECRET TUNNELS.
ESCAPE ROUTES AND SANCTUARIES.
OLD DEBTS THAT MIGHT JUST
MEAN SALVATION. ALL USELESS
WHEN THE MOMENT CAME, BECAUSE
WHOEVER-IT-WAS ALREADY LAY IN WAIT.

"EVERY CRIMINAL OF
RANK IN THE CITY DIED.
VERY NEARLY TRIPLE
FIGURES, GENERAL."



AND ALL
OF THEM IN
ONE NIGHT.

WHICH-I
ASSURE YOU-WAS
IMPOSSIBLE.



IF HE
ACTED ALONE,
YOU MEAN...

SOME WITNESSES
WENT MAD, SOME DIDN'T.
BUT NONE REPORTED MORE
THAN ONE MAN.

WHO APPEARED
FROM PLACES HE COULD
NOT HAVE BEEN. WHO COULD
NOT BE SEEN DIRECTLY.
WHO STRUCK-

AND IN
AN INSTANT WAS
SWALLOWED BY THE
DARKNESS.



KONDO...
THIS IS A STORY
MEANT TO FRIGHTEN
CHILDREN...

HA!

YOU SPEND A
BLACK NIGHT ALONE
ON THE SLOPES OF THE
GREAT MOUNTAINS, SIR GENERAL,
AND WHEN THE SPIRITS ARE
DONE SPEAKING YOU'LL
KNOW WHAT YOU BELIEVE
OR NOT...!



SPIRITS?
AM I EXPECTED
TO--

WONG
AND I DIFFER
HERE. THERE'S
ALWAYS BEEN
TALK OF A PLACE
OR PLACES IN
THE HIMALAYAS,
WHERE HOLY MEN
REDEEM THE
FOULEST VILLAINS
AND TRAIN THEM
AS...I DON'T
KNOW. I SUPPOSE
WE MIGHT
CALL THEM
SAMURAI.

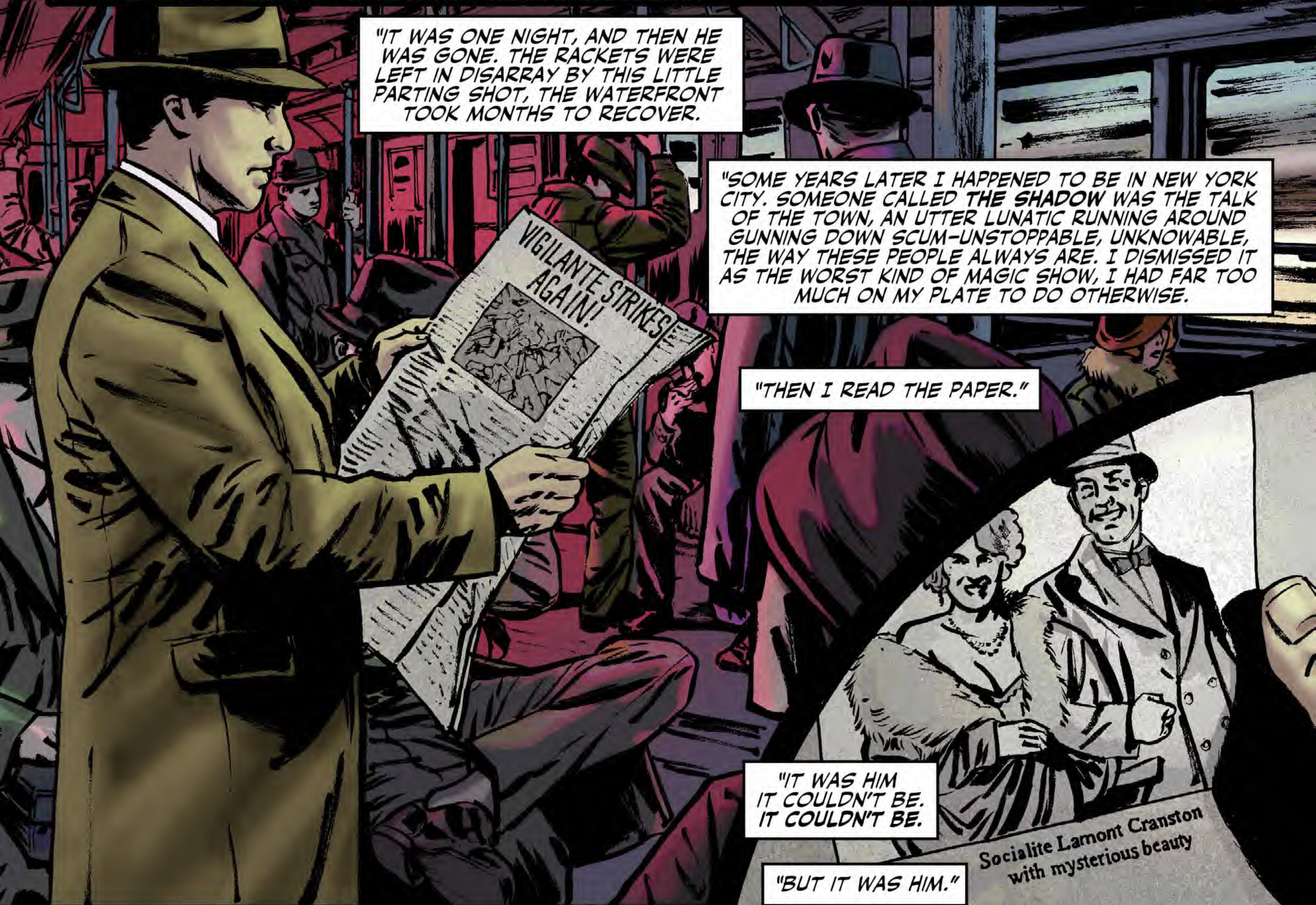
THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE
THEN SENT OUT INTO THE WORLD
TO MAKE IT A BETTER PLACE, WHICH IS
THE PART I TRULY DO FIND UNBELIEVABLE.



WAIT A MINUTE, HOW DID
YOU TWO SURVIVE THIS NIGHT
OF THE LONG KNIVES...?

OUT OF
TOWN ON BUSINESS.
DEAL ACTUALLY WENT
SOUTH, BUT WHEN
YOU CONSIDER THE
ALTERNATIVE...

PURE
LUCK.



"IT WAS ONE NIGHT, AND THEN HE
WAS GONE. THE RACKETS WERE
LEFT IN DISARRAY BY THIS LITTLE
PARTING SHOT, THE WATERFRONT
TOOK MONTHS TO RECOVER.

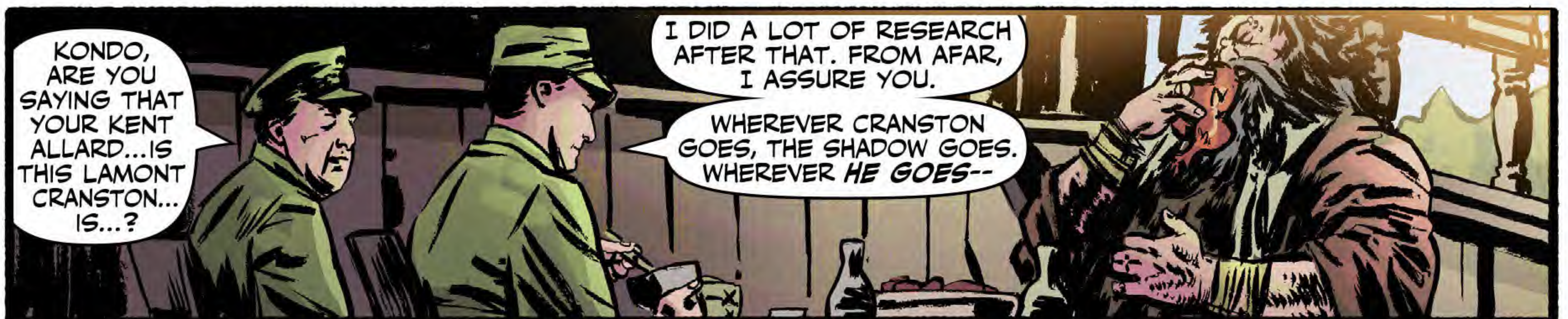
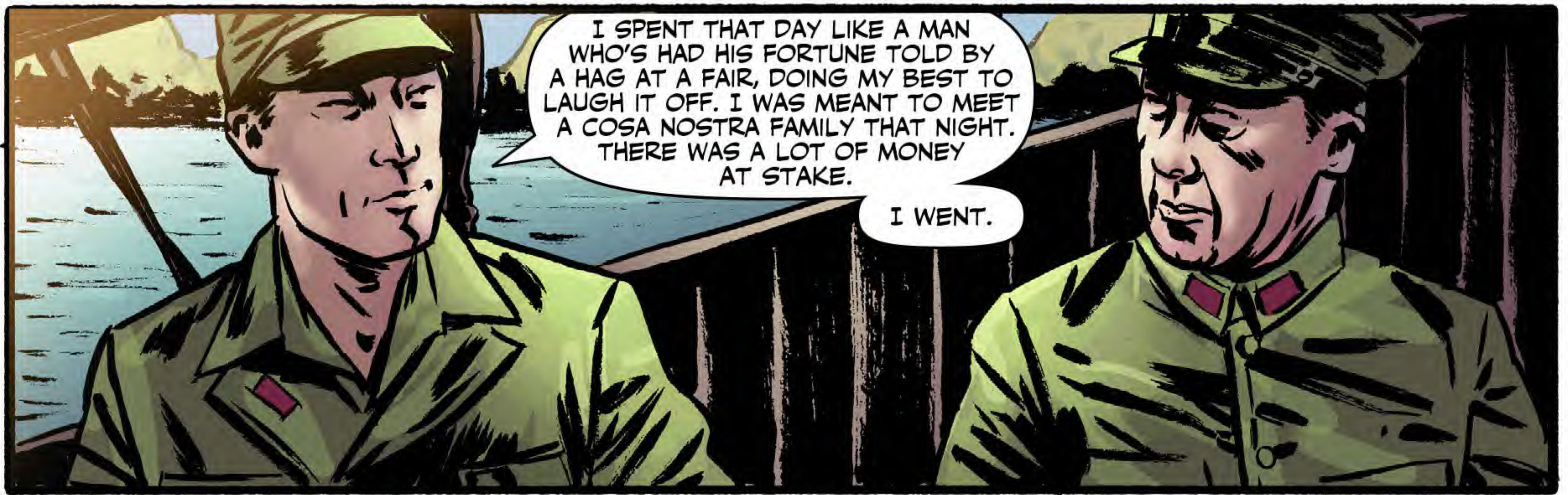
"SOME YEARS LATER I HAPPENED TO BE IN NEW YORK
CITY. SOMEONE CALLED THE SHADOW WAS THE TALK
OF THE TOWN, AN UTTER LUNATIC RUNNING AROUND
GUNNING DOWN SCUM-UNSTOPPABLE, UNKNOWNABLE,
THE WAY THESE PEOPLE ALWAYS ARE. I DISMISSED IT
AS THE WORST KIND OF MAGIC SHOW, I HAD FAR TOO
MUCH ON MY PLATE TO DO OTHERWISE.

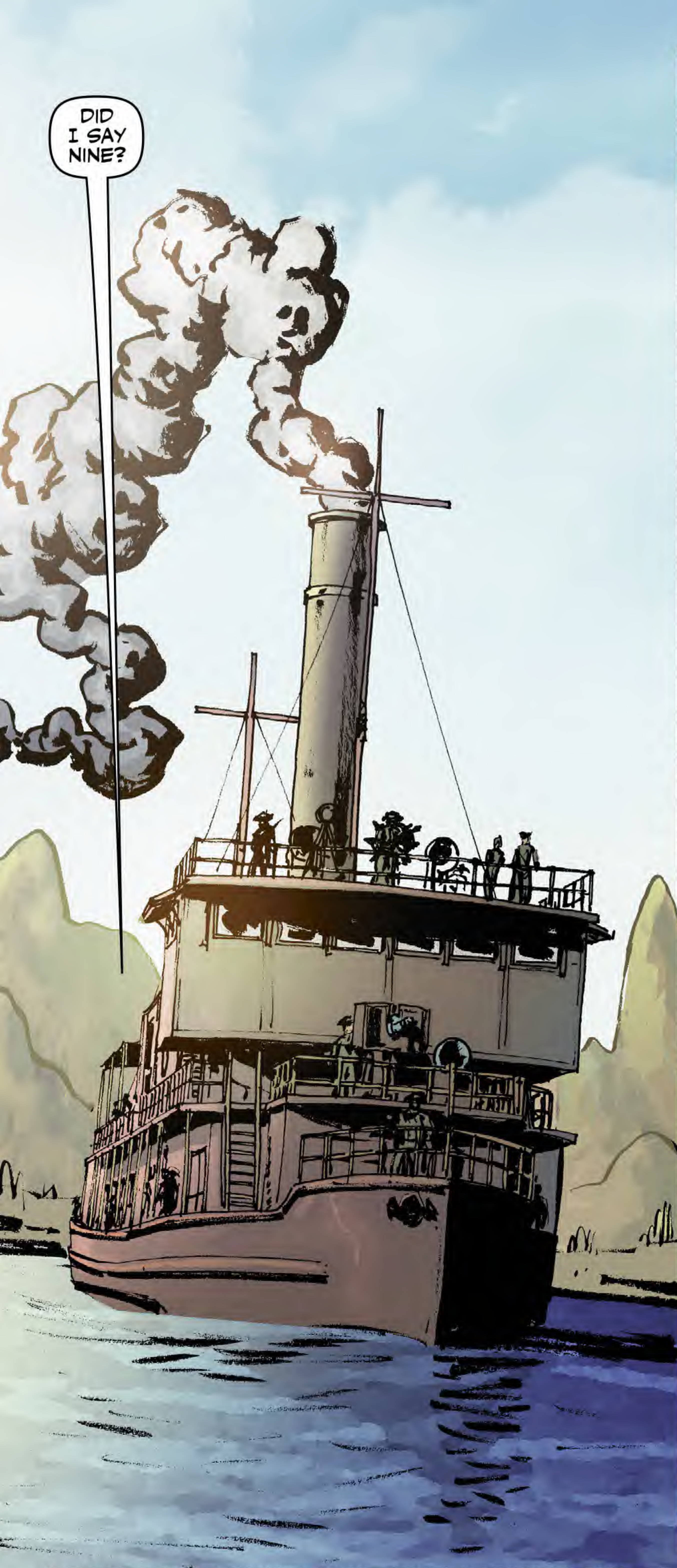
"THEN I READ THE PAPER."

"IT WAS HIM
IT COULDN'T BE.
IT COULDN'T BE.

"BUT IT WAS HIM."

Socialite Lamont Cranston
with mysterious beauty





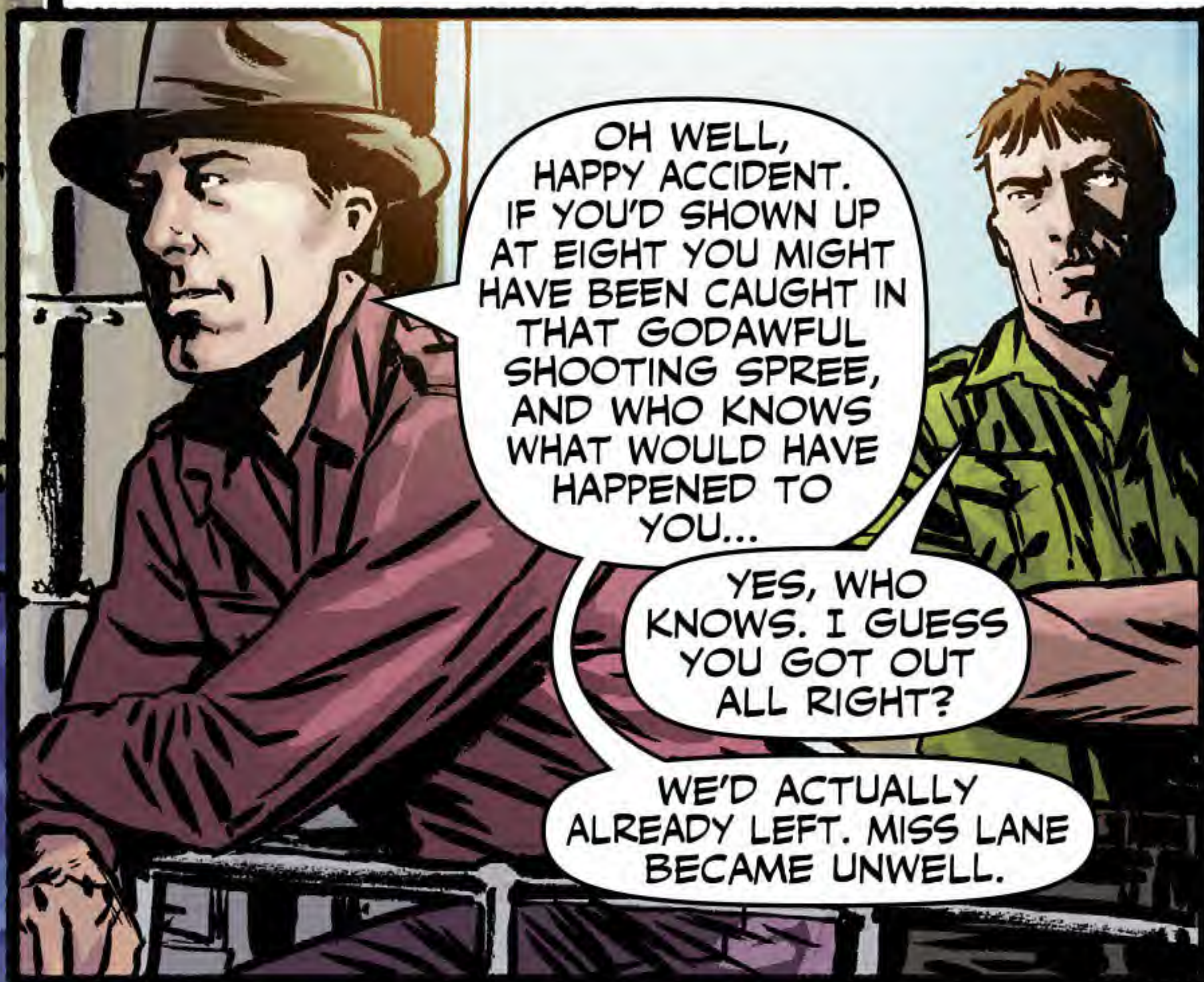
DID
I SAY
NINE?



YES,
YOU DID...

HMH.
I COULD HAVE
SWORN I SAID
EIGHT.

NO, YOU
DIDN'T...



OH WELL,
HAPPY ACCIDENT.
IF YOU'D SHOWN UP
AT EIGHT YOU MIGHT
HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN
THAT GODAWFUL
SHOOTING SPREE,
AND WHO KNOWS
WHAT WOULD HAVE
HAPPENED TO
YOU...

YES, WHO
KNOWS. I GUESS
YOU GOT OUT
ALL RIGHT?

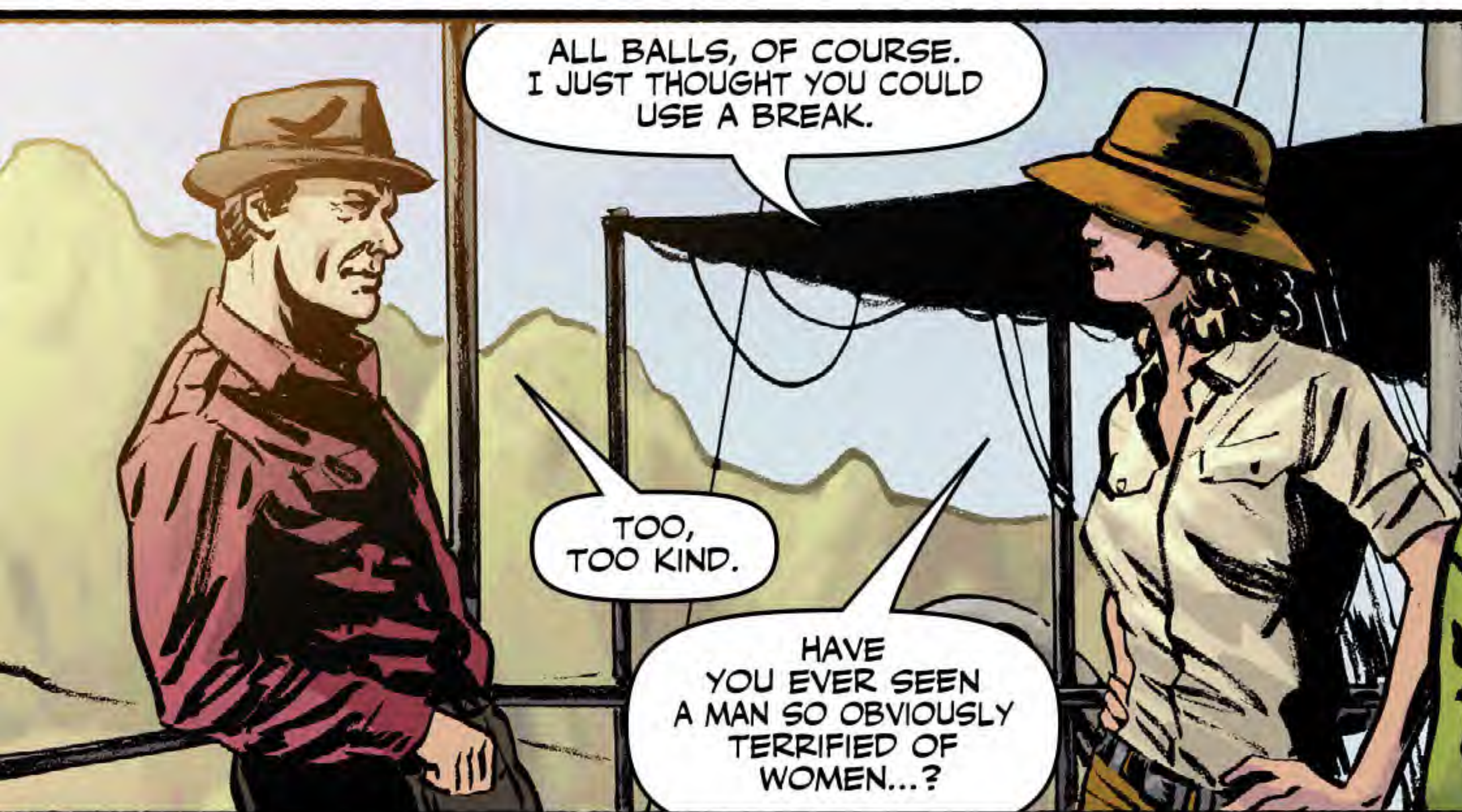
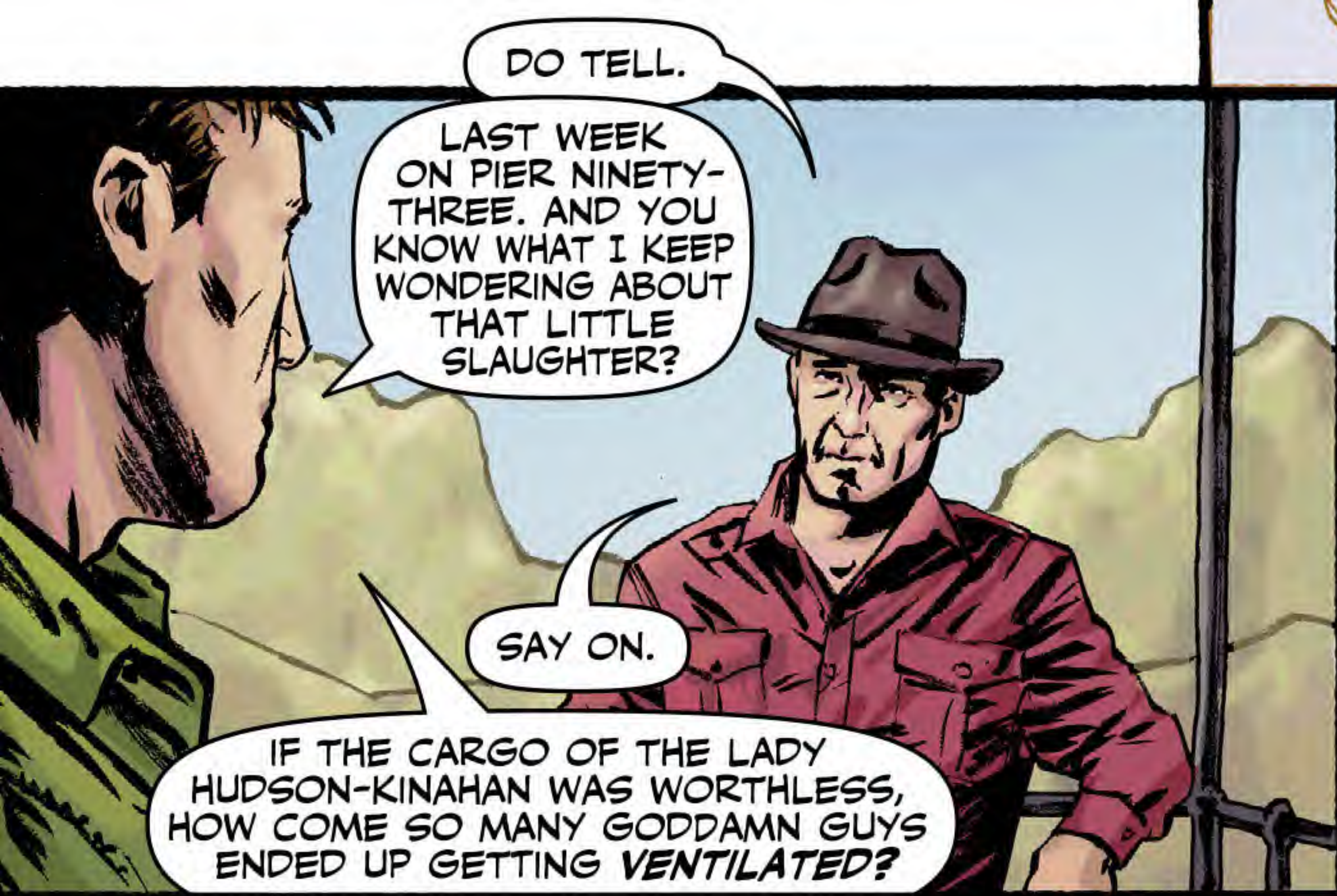
WE'D ACTUALLY
ALREADY LEFT. MISS LANE
BECAME UNWELL.



WELL, I MANAGED TO TALK TO A
COUPLE OF COPS. VICTIMS WERE JUST
LOCAL SCUMBAGS. NO SIGN OF THIS
KONDO, OR ANY OTHER JAPANESE.

FIVE MEN GUNNED
DOWN WITHOUT ANY OF THEM
GETTING OFF A SHOT. AN HOUR
LATER, IT TURNS OUT, EIGHT MORE
MEN-WHITE MEN-ARE KILLED ON
THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.
SAME AGAIN.

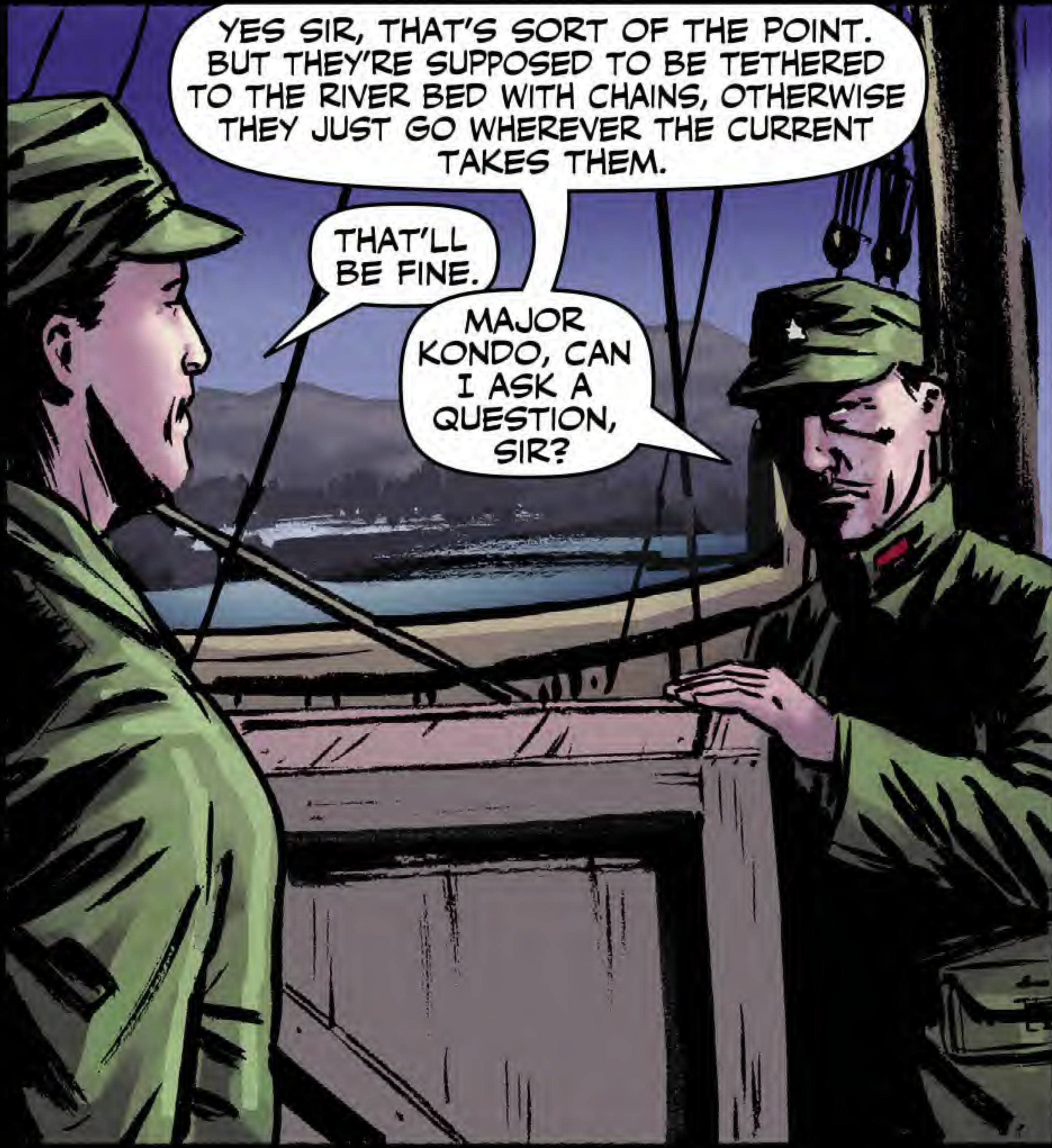
YOU KNOW
WHAT THIS KIND
OF REMINDS
ME OF?





AM I CORRECT
IN BELIEVING THAT THESE
THINGS CAN BE SET TO
FLOAT UNDER THE WATER?
SO THAT YOU CAN'T SEE
THEM AT ALL?

UH, YES...



YES SIR, THAT'S SORT OF THE POINT.
BUT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TETHERED
TO THE RIVER BED WITH CHAINS, OTHERWISE
THEY JUST GO WHEREVER THE CURRENT
TAKES THEM.

THAT'LL
BE FINE.

MAJOR
KONDO, CAN
I ASK A
QUESTION,
SIR?



IF THE YANGTZE IS
OURS, WHY EXACTLY ARE WE
WORRIED ABOUT AMERICAN
GUNBOATS?

BECAUSE THE
FARTHER WE GO FROM
SHANGHAI, THE MORE DUBIOUS
OUR JURISDICTION GETS.
ACCORDING TO HOW WASHINGTON
SEES THINGS, ANYWAY.

LET ME
KNOW WHEN
THEY'RE READY,
SERGEANT.



...SO IF YOU'RE SUCH A MIGHTY
WARLORD, WHY DID YOU COME ALL
THIS WAY YOURSELF INSTEAD OF
SENDING A MESSENGER
INSTEAD?

MM?

I SAID,
WHY IS THE
GREAT WONG
DOING THE JOB
OF AN **ERRAND**
BOY...?

NOT TO ANY EFFECT, AT
ANY RATE. BACK IN THE OLD
DAYS THE MONGOLS CHOPPED
OFF ONE OF HIS TESTICLES,
AND ALL THEY WANTED TO
KNOW WAS WHICH WAY
NORTH WAS.

HE
WOULDN'T TALK.
LEGEND HAS IT HE
BEAT THEM TO
DEATH WITH THE
OTHER ONE.

HEH!

OH, BECAUSE
I KNEW KONDO
WOULD JUST TORTURE
THE LOCATION OUT
OF WHOEVER I
SENT.

NOBODY
TORTURES WONG,
GENERAL SIR MIGHTY
GENERAL SIR.

YOU TWO
MAKE QUITE THE
PAIR, DON'T YOU?
NO HONOR ON THE
WATERFRONT, YOU
CAN CERTAINLY SAY
THAT AGAIN...

BECAUSE
HE'D HAVE ME
TORTURED? I'D DO
THE SAME TO HIM,
IT'S NOTHING
PERSONAL.

IT'S JUST BUSINESS,
GENERAL SIR GENERAL.
OR ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE
US YOUR OWN THOUGHTS
ON HONOR, AND PUT THE
ENTIRE CREW TO SLEEP?

I'M AMAZED
YOU CAN EVEN SAY
THE WORD WITHOUT
CHOKING ON IT.

YOU BARGAIN
AND BID LIKE A BUNCH
OF MARKET STALLHOLDERS,
THEN YOU TRY TO PLAY IT
CHEAP BY IGNORING WONG'S
OFFER AND PISSING
OFF TO AFRICA.

I'M SURE
YOU HAD THE IVANS
AND THE HUNS
KNOCKED OFF IN THE
MOST HONORABLE
MANNER POSSIBLE.
THE YANKEES TOO,
IF THEY EVER DO
SHOW UP.

AM I MISSING
ANYTHING...?



WE DO WHAT WE DO FOR THE HONOR OF JAPAN. AND THE JUDGEMENT OF SOME *HIGHWAY ROBBER* IS NOT EVEN--

HA HA HA HA, YOU'RE AN ARMY AND YOU COME TO CONQUER. YOU'RE IN IT FOR WHATEVER YOU CAN GET: LIKE WONG.



THAT IS WHERE YOU ARE WRONG.

WE JAPANESE COME NOT AS CONQUERORS, BUT AS LIBERATORS. WE WILL *UNITE* THE PEOPLES OF THE EASTERN WORLD; OUR *GREATER EAST ASIAN CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE* WILL GUARANTEE HARMONY AND PLENTY FOR ALL.

WHEN THIS MISSION IS SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED AND THE WEAPON IS OPERATIONAL, WE WILL SMASH THE WHITE WESTERN OPPRESSOR ONCE AND FOR ALL. THEN EVEN YOU CHINESE BARBARIANS WILL RECOGNIZE THE BENEVOLENCE OF HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR.



GREATER... EAST... ASIAN...?

"CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE."



YOU KNOW--

I THINK I'VE SEEN IT.





ALL
CLEAR, SIR.
I MEAN—
WHAT I MEAN
IS THERE'S NO
ONE LEFT...

OKAY,
SERGEANT.
THANK YOU.



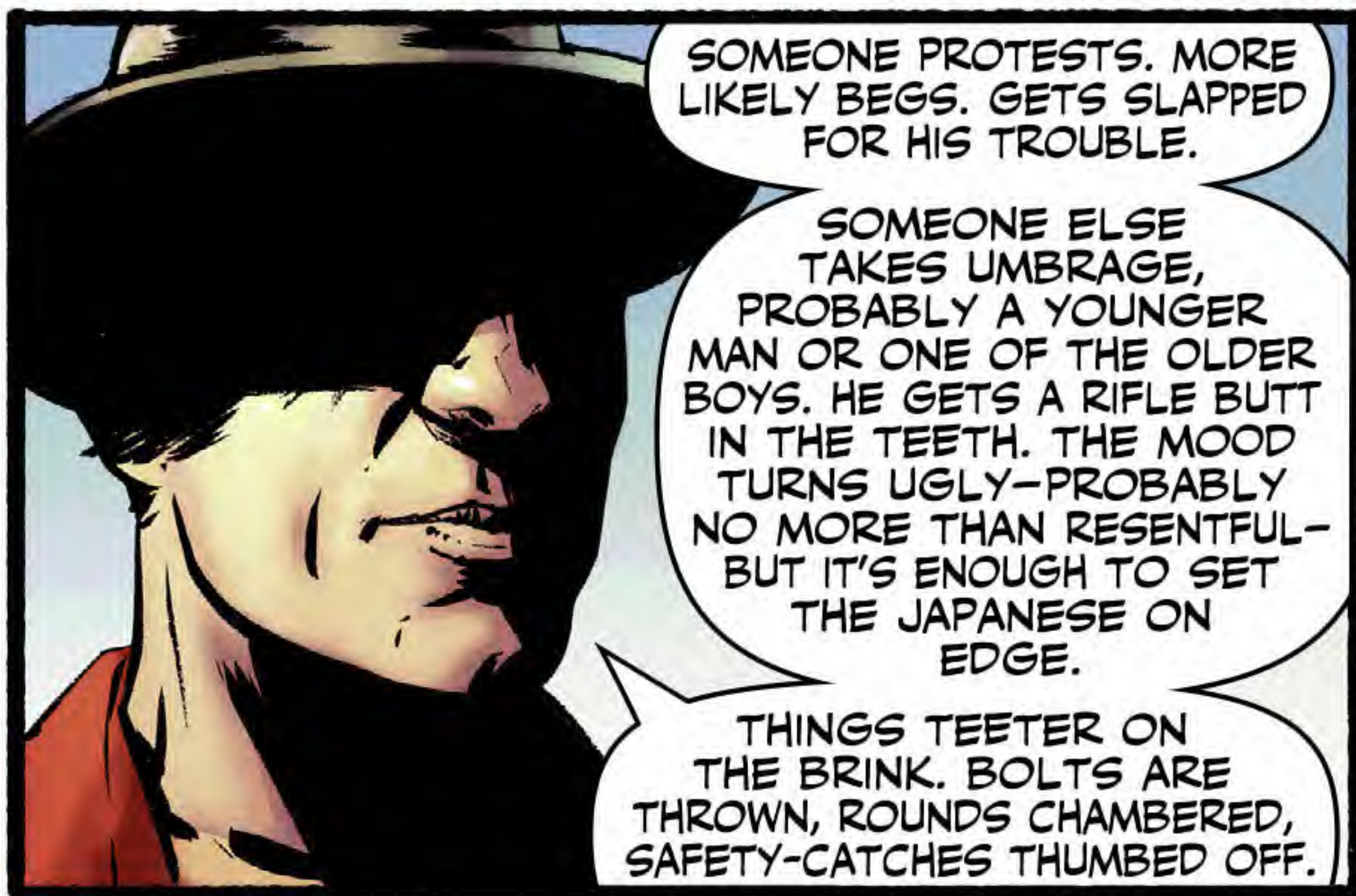
WHAT THE
HELL DID YOU BRING
ME FOR--?

THERE
ARE THINGS
THAT YOU
SHOULD SEE
TOO.



THEY COME IN
LOOKING FOR FOOD
AND SHELTER. THEY
DEMAND IT.

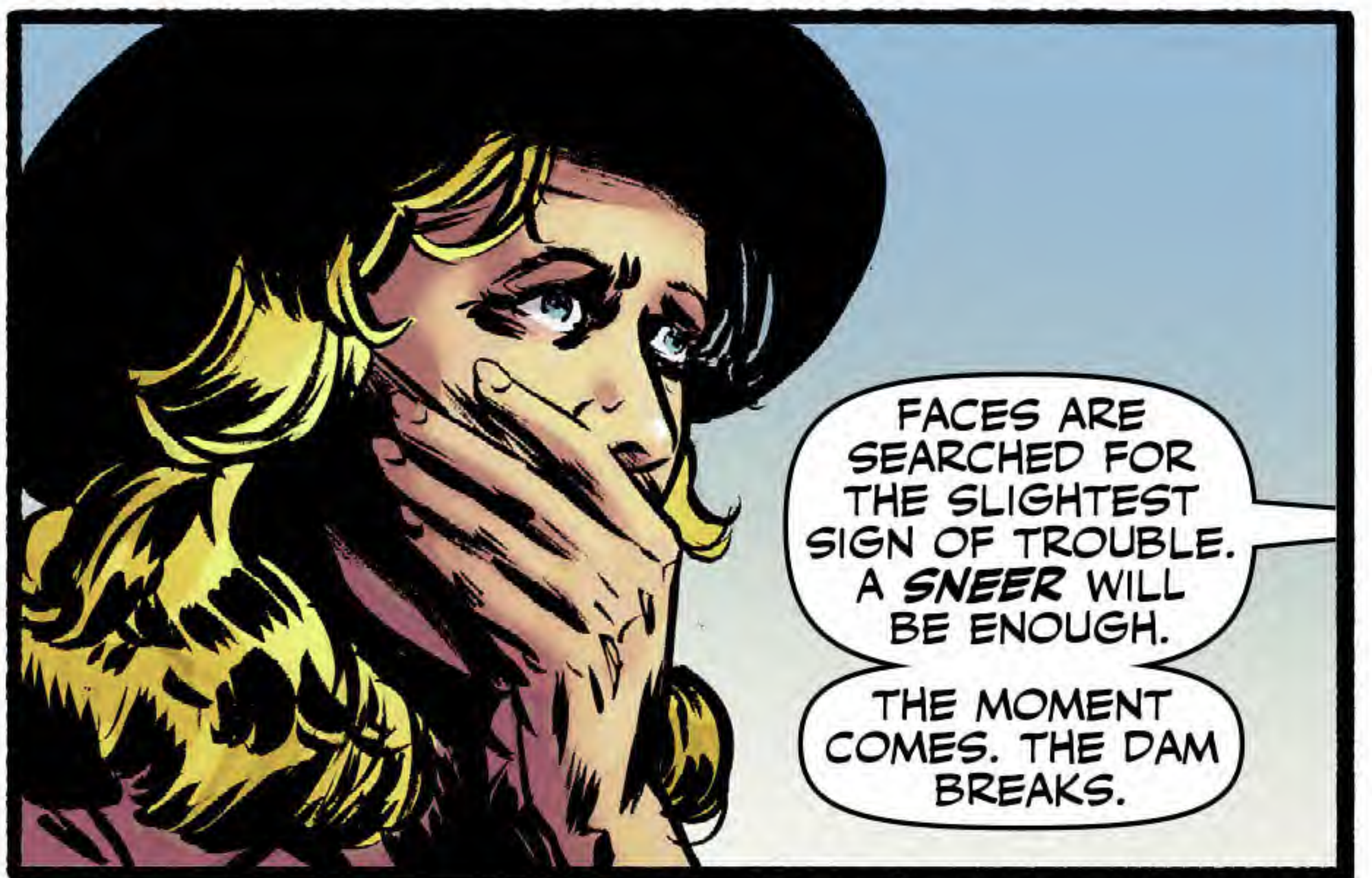
THE VILLAGERS
OFFER WHAT CAN BE
SPARED, BUT IT'S IMMEDIATELY
OBVIOUS THAT THAT SIMPLY
WON'T BE ENOUGH.



SOMEONE PROTESTS. MORE
LIKELY BEGS. GETS SLAPPED
FOR HIS TROUBLE.

SOMEONE ELSE
TAKES UMBRAGE,
PROBABLY A YOUNGER
MAN OR ONE OF THE OLDER
BOYS. HE GETS A RIFLE BUTT
IN THE TEETH. THE MOOD
TURNS UGLY-PROBABLY
NO MORE THAN RESENTFUL-
BUT IT'S ENOUGH TO SET
THE JAPANESE ON
EDGE.

THINGS TEETER ON
THE BRINK. BOLTS ARE
THROWN, ROUNDS CHAMBERED,
SAFETY-CATCHES THUMBED OFF.



FACES ARE
SEARCHED FOR
THE SLIGHTEST
SIGN OF TROUBLE.
A *SNEER* WILL
BE ENOUGH.

THE MOMENT
COMES. THE DAM
BREAKS.



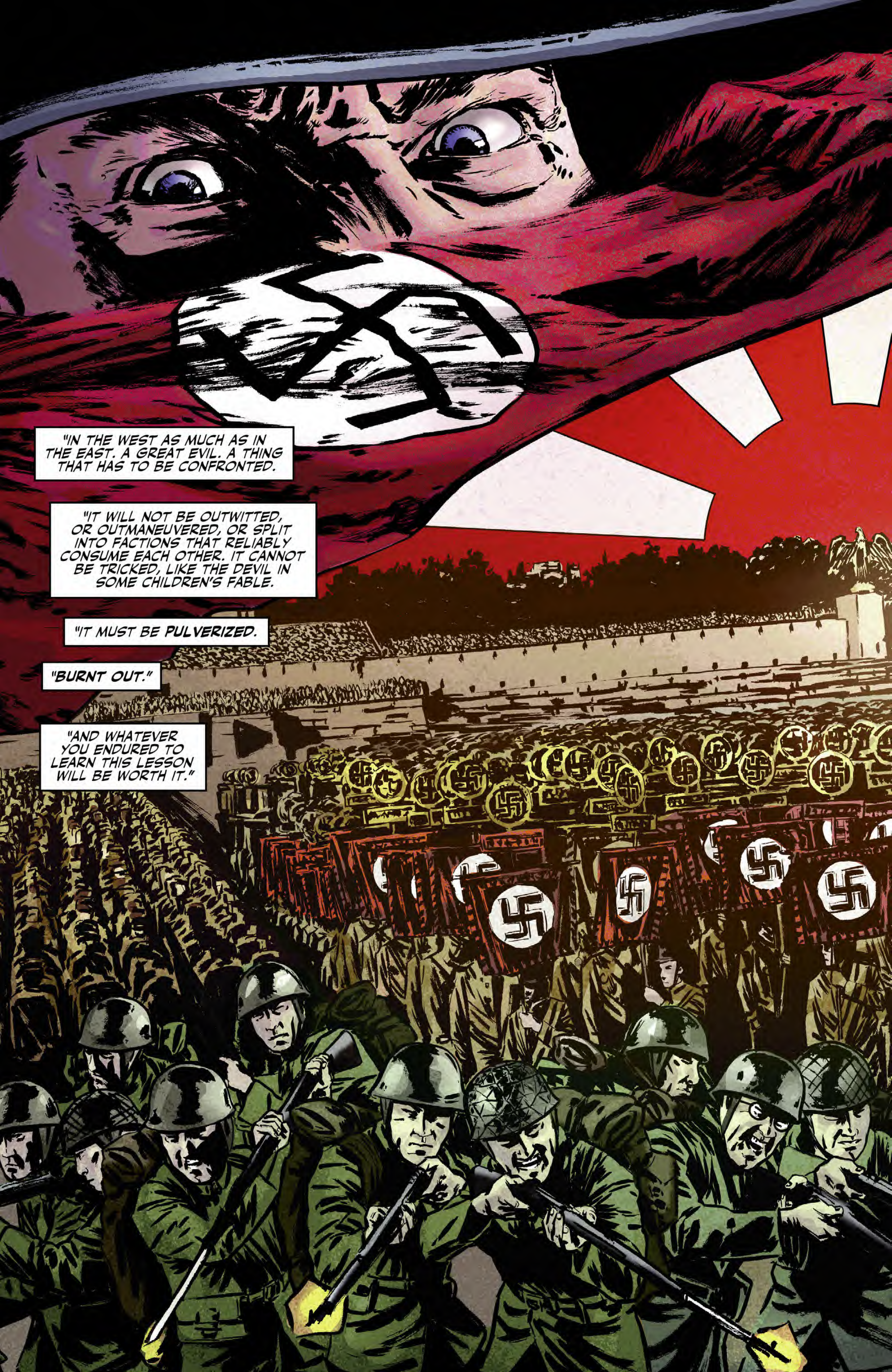
JESUS
CHRIST--



AND THEN
THERE ARE THE
WOMEN.







"IN THE WEST AS MUCH AS IN
THE EAST. A GREAT EVIL. A THING
THAT HAS TO BE CONFRONTED.

"IT WILL NOT BE OUTWITTED,
OR OUTMANEUVERED, OR SPLIT
INTO FACTIONS THAT RELIABLY
CONSUME EACH OTHER. IT CANNOT
BE TRICKED, LIKE THE DEVIL IN
SOME CHILDREN'S FABLE.

"IT MUST BE PULVERIZED.

"BURNT OUT."

"AND WHATEVER
YOU ENDURED TO
LEARN THIS LESSON
WILL BE WORTH IT."



GOD
ALMIGHTY!



IT'S THEM!
IT HAS TO BE!
GET THEM!

FULL AHEAD.
BRING ALL GUNS TO
BEAR BUT DO NOT FIRE
WITHOUT ORDERS.

CAPTAIN LLOYD,
CAN YOU PREPARE A
BOARDING PARTY?

ORDER'S
BEEN
GIVEN.



MM...?

THE
ENGINES.



THEY'RE
SHOOTING!

OPEN
FIRE.



YOU HEARD THE
MAN! SMALL ARMS
ONLY, WE WANT
PRISONERS!



NAHH

HNHH

ALL RIGHT,
THAT'S ENOUGH!
KEEP YOUR HEADS
DOWN FROM
HERE ON!



NO-NO-
NNNOO--!

THEY'VE
TWICE OUR SPEED,
GENERAL. THEY
WERE BOUND TO
CATCH US.

SERGEANT!



THEY STOPPED
FIRING! THEY
QUIT!

TELL THE
MEN TO CEASE
FIRE BUT STAND
READY.

WAIT A
MINUTE, DID YOU
SEE THAT--?



CLOSE IN!
CLOSE IN AND
BOARD HER!

MISTER FINNEGAN, I'D STILL ADVISE
CAUTION. THE JAPS AREN'T IDIOTS,
THEY WOULDN'T MAKE IT THIS EASY.

I SAID
BOARD HER!
AND I'M IN
COMMAND!



WHAT'S WRONG?
WHAT THE HELL'S
THE RUSH?

I'VE A NASTY
FEELING FINNEGAN'S
ASSERTING HIS
AUTHORITY.



WHAT IN
THE NAME OF
GOD...?

THEY'RE...
JUST...

HARD
A-STARBOARD.

I NEVER
ORDERED
THAT--

HELM
HARD OVER.
ENGINES FULL
ASTERN.

WHAT?





WHAT
THE HELL
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE--

ALL HANDS
BRACE FOR
IMPACT!

WH--?

HOLD
ONTO ME.



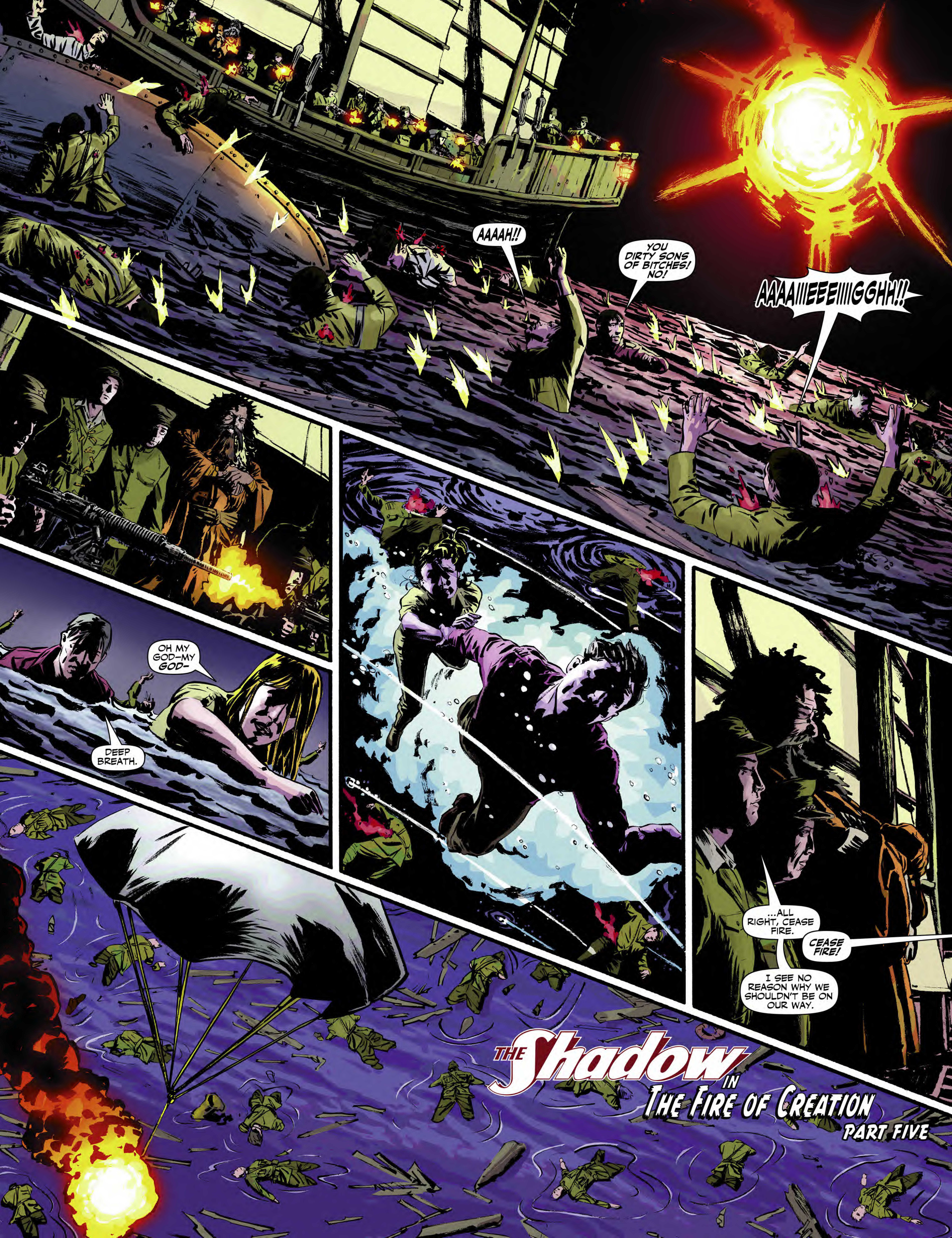
ISSUE

FIVE









AAAAH!!

YOU DIRTY SONS OF BITCHES! NO!

AAAAIIIEEEIIIGGHH!!

OH MY GOD-MY GOD-

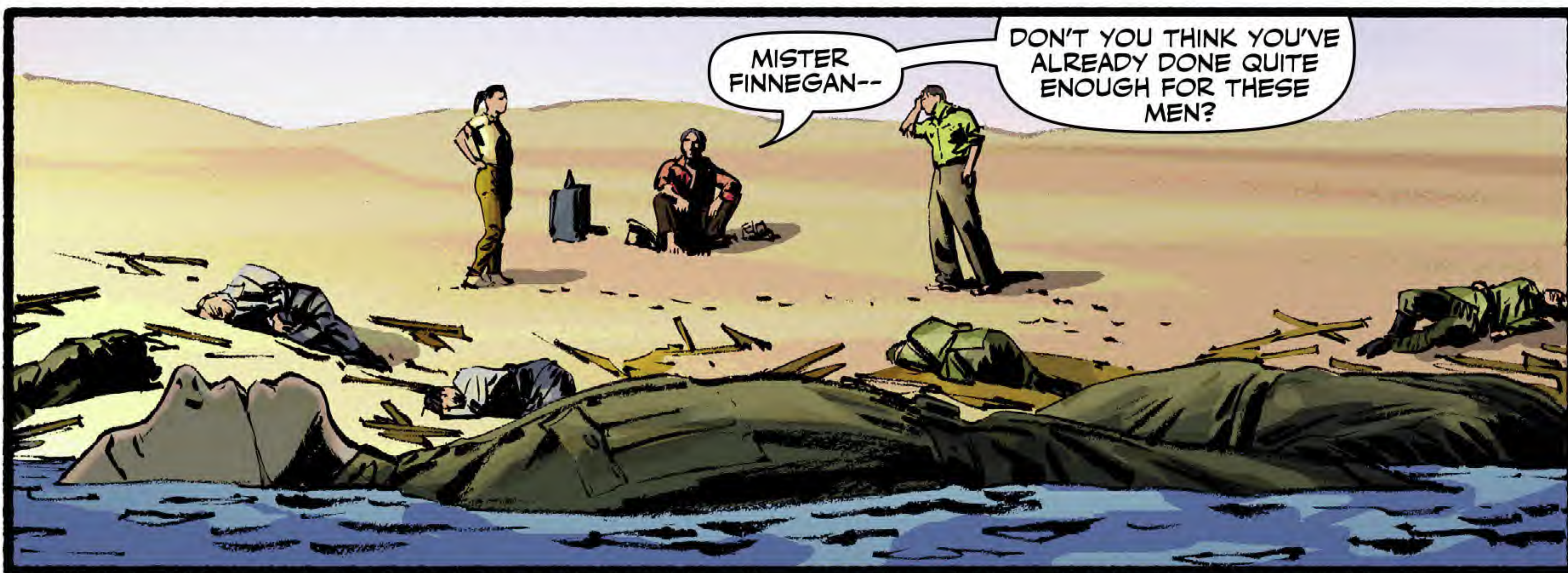
DEEP BREATH.

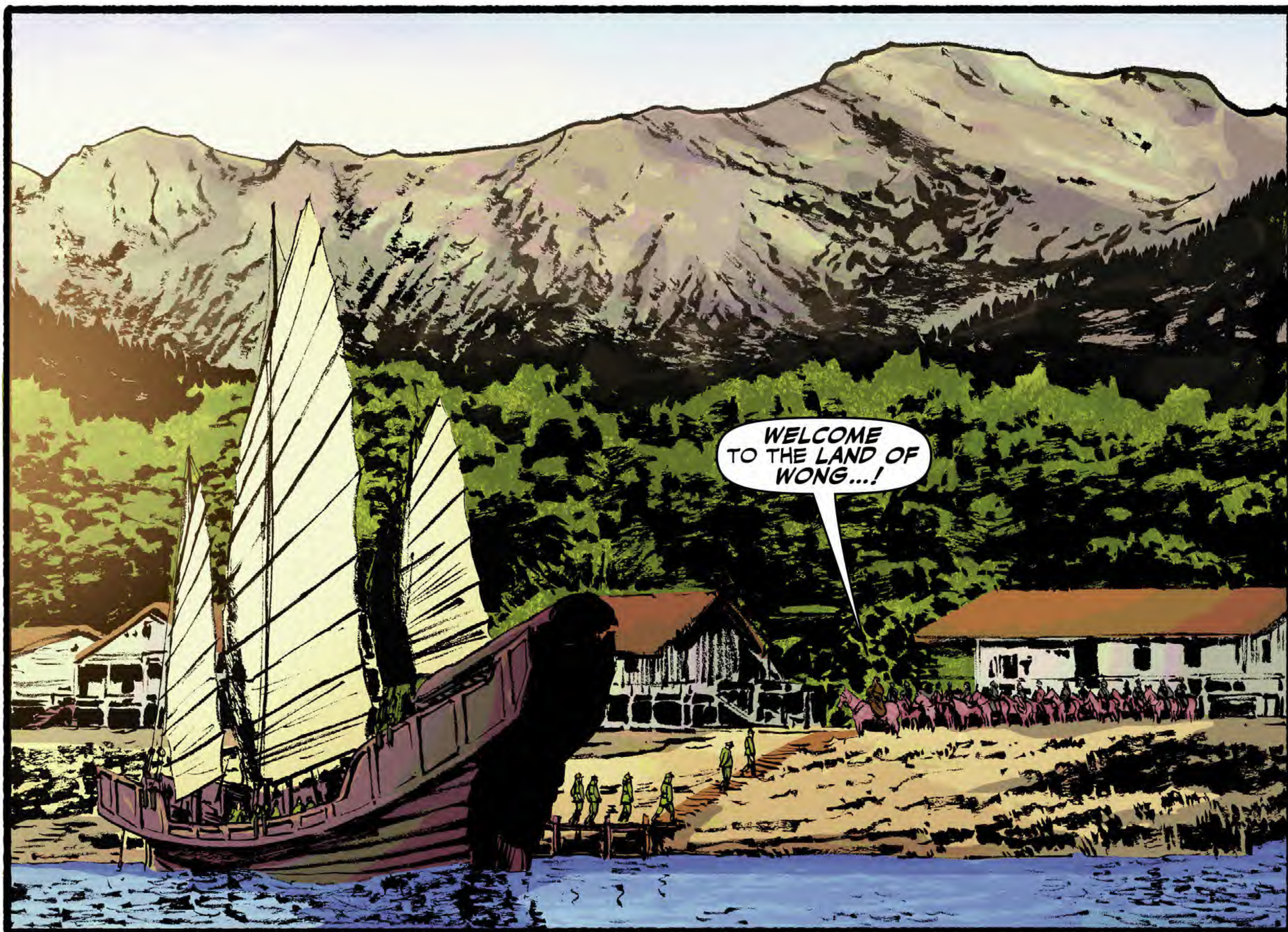
...ALL RIGHT, CEASE FIRE.

CEASE FIRE!

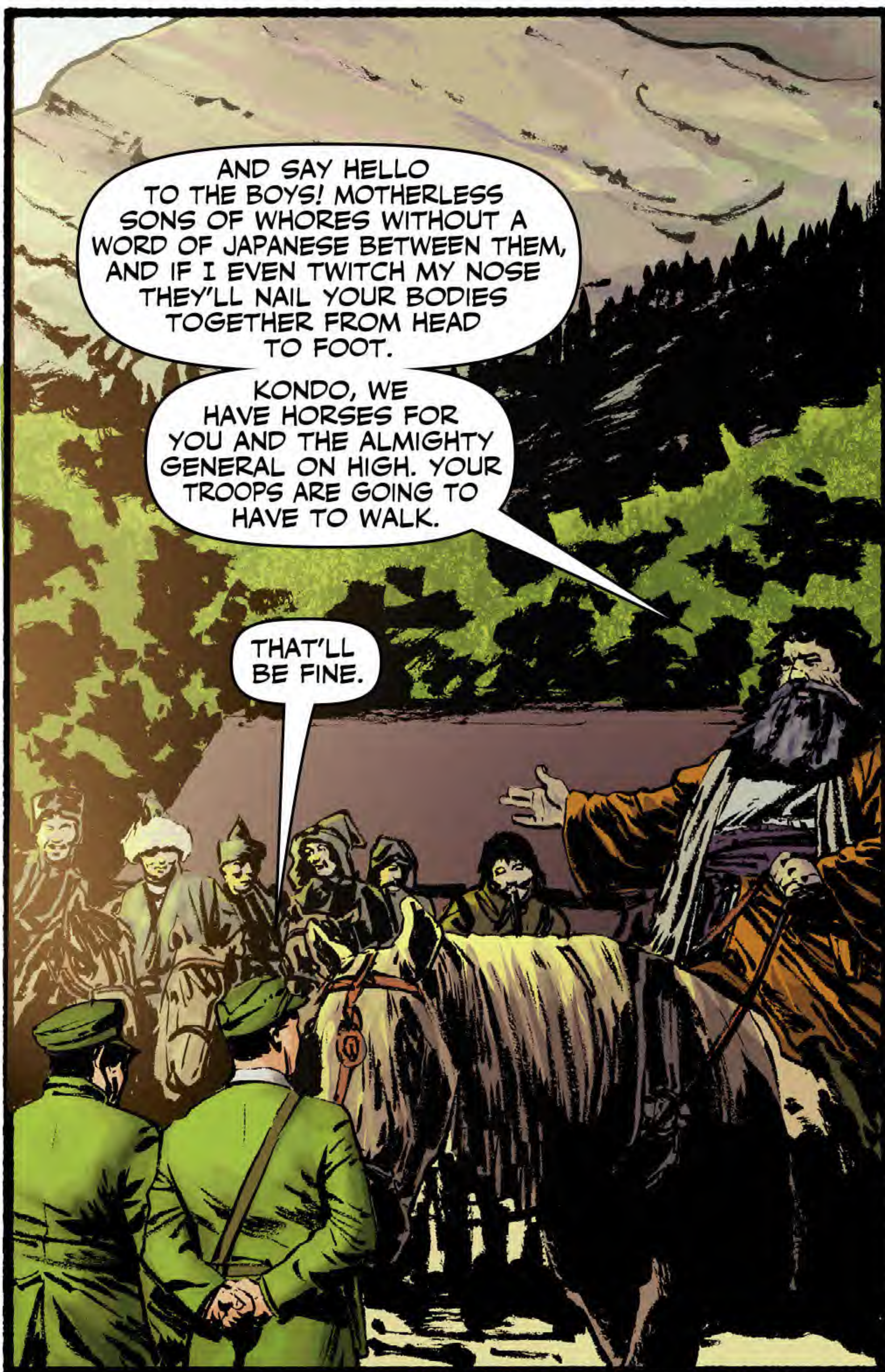
I SEE NO REASON WHY WE SHOULDN'T BE ON OUR WAY.

THE Shadow IN **THE FIRE OF CREATION** PART FIVE





WELCOME
TO THE LAND OF
WONG...!



AND SAY HELLO
TO THE BOYS! MOTHERLESS
SONS OF WHORES WITHOUT A
WORD OF JAPANESE BETWEEN THEM,
AND IF I EVEN TWITCH MY NOSE
THEY'LL NAIL YOUR BODIES
TOGETHER FROM HEAD
TO FOOT.

KONDO, WE
HAVE HORSES FOR
YOU AND THE ALMIGHTY
GENERAL ON HIGH. YOUR
TROOPS ARE GOING TO
HAVE TO WALK.

THAT'LL
BE FINE.



I THOUGHT
AFTER A WEEK ON
THAT GARBAGE SCOW
I'D BE HAPPY TO SET FOOT
ON DRY LAND-BUT
THESE SAVAGES SMELL
EVEN WORSE THAN
HIM...

I KNOW,
GENERAL.

NOT LONG
NOW.



HOW FAR TO YOUR CAMP?

NO DISTANCE AT ALL.

AND THE ROCK IS WAITING FOR US?

YES AND NO.



MEANING THAT THERE'S ENOUGH FOR YOU TO DO YOUR TESTS ON, JUST TO BE SURE IT'S THE GENUINE ARTICLE. BUT IT IS.

MM-HM.

MINING THE REST'LL BE EASY, WE'VE A COUPLE OF DOZEN PEASANTS EAGER TO KEEP THEIR HEADS ON THEIR SHOULDERS.



I TOLD YOU WE NEED THE STUFF IN QUANTITY. THE EGGHEADS IN TOKYO WANT ENOUGH TO RESEARCH AND BUILD THE WEAPON...

RELAX, KONDO. THIS TIME TOMORROW-YOU'LL SEE.



UNLOADING'S ALMOST FINISHED, SIR. FIVE MORE MINUTES.

GOOD.

REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, SERGEANT: KEEP THE MEN ON THEIR BEST BEHAVIOR. EYES AND EARS OPEN, ESPECIALLY IN THIS ANIMAL'S CAMP. MOUTHS SHUT.

YOU CAN RELY ON THEM, SIR. THEY'RE GOOD LADS, THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES.

THEY'RE GOING TO NEED IT.

IN SPADES.



IT ALL
HAPPENED SO
FAST...



THE CAPTAIN REALIZED BEFORE I DID,
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON...
HE WAS GIVING ORDERS, AND I WAS
STILL...STILL...

IT WAS SO FAST.
BEWILDERING. WE DIDN'T
STAND A CHANCE.

DID YOU
EXPECT TO BE
GIVEN ONE?



WELL NO...
I MEAN...

THIS WHOLE
THING, IT HASN'T
BEEN A BIT LIKE WHAT
I EXPECTED. I THOUGHT
IT'D BE MORE OF AN
ADVENTURE,
REALLY.



YOU KNOW.
MORE...

RIP-ROARING.







REAR PARTY?

ASSIGNED TO CARRY THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT. WHICH IS WHY WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM FIRST.



ARE YOU GOING TO...?

I NEED TO KNOW WHERE KONDO AND THE OTHERS ARE. WONG'S TERRITORY MORE OR LESS BEGINS HERE, BUT IT'S VAST.

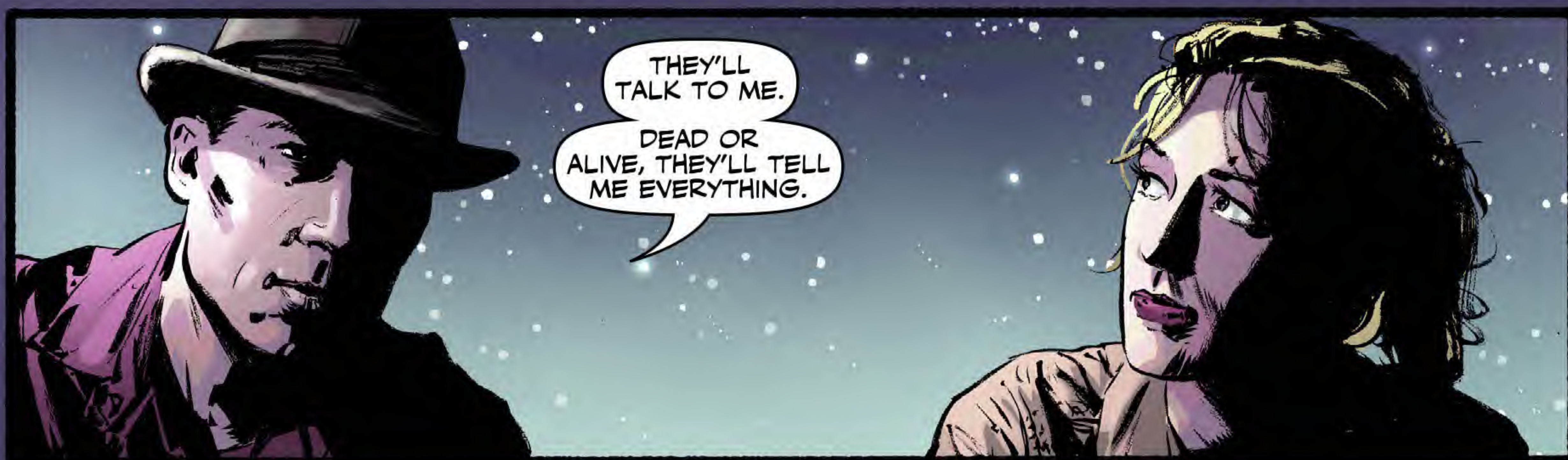
CAN YOU KEEP FINNEGAN OCCUPIED?



WHAT WITH, MY FEMININE WILES?

FAILING THAT, THERE'S A DECK OF CARDS IN MY SADDLEBAGS.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THEM TO TALK, ANYWAY? DO YOU EVEN SPEAK JAPANESE?



THEY'LL TALK TO ME.

DEAD OR ALIVE, THEY'LL TELL ME EVERYTHING.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

EATING.

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN RELIEVED...!

HE SAID IT WAS OKAY.



YOU DON'T QUIT GUARD DUTY UNTIL I TELL YOU TO— WAIT A MINUTE, WHO SAID IT WAS OKAY?

HE DID.



HE ASKED ME WHERE THE MAJOR WAS. I SAID ABOUT TEN MILES AHEAD, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CATCH UP TOMORROW.

HE ASKED WHAT WE'RE CARRYING. I TOLD HIM. HE SAID MAJOR KONDO MUST BE EXPECTING WAR. I SAID THE MAJOR IS A CAREFUL MAN.

PASS THE BOOZE?



YOU'RE TELLING ME THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE IN THE DARK...AND YOU TOLD HIM ALL THIS...?

SURE.

HE SAID—MM—IT WOULD BE AN OPPORTUNITY TO THIN US OUT A BIT.

WHAT?!

WHY DID YOU TALK TO HIM? WHY THE HELL DID YOU LEAVE YOUR POST FOR HIM?

ARE YOU COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR—



BUUUUUUUUU

SHIT!

WHO IS
IT OUT THERE?
WHO IS IT?



YOU'RE MAKING
A MISTAKE, YOU CHINESE
VERMIN! WE ARE SOLDIERS OF
IMPERIAL JAPAN, WE ARE
YOUR MASTERS!

SHOW
YOURSELVES!
DO IT NOW OR
THERE'LL BE HELL
TO PAY!



SHOW
YOURSELVES!!



DID
YOU HEAR
THAT--?

HEAR
WHAT?
OKAY,
I KNOCK.

HMH.
KONDO...



CAREFUL
ISN'T
THE WORD
FOR IT.



D'YOU
WANT YOUR
PEASANTS BACK
WHEN WE REACH
SHANGHAI?

NO,
FEEL FREE
TO SHOOT
THEM.



THEY-
GROMFF

THEY'RE NO
USE TO ME, THE MINING'S
DONE. LET THEM CARRY YOUR
FUNNY ROCKS FOR YOU AND
THEN YOU CAN HAVE SOME
TARGET PRACTICE.

YOU'LL BE
REMEMBERED AS
A KIND AND GRACIOUS
KING, WONG.
ALWAYS.



I'M NOT SURE I APPROVE OF
THE MEN FRATERNIZING WITH
THESE...PEOPLE...

HA!!

THEY'VE DONE
WELL, GENERAL. THEY
DESERVE TO LET THEIR
HAIR DOWN A LITTLE.



YES, IT'S BEEN A GOOD SEEING
YOU AGAIN, KONDO. HIGHLY PROFITABLE.
AND WE EVEN MANAGED NOT TO SLIT
EACH OTHER'S THROATS.

WELL,
I'LL DRINK TO
THAT...

HMMMPH!



OH, COME ON, MIGHTY SIR
GENERAL OF ALL HE SURVEYS!
HAVE A DRINK WITH WONG!

YOU NEVER
KNOW, GENERAL.
IT MIGHT BE YOUR
LAST CHANCE.

LET'S
HOPE SO...



HERE'S TO YOU ANYWAY, WONG.
THESE *FUNNY ROCKS*, AS YOU CALL
THEM, ARE GOING TO MEAN A
LOT OF CHANGES...

TO YOUR
CAREER, YOU OLD
MERCENARY!



TO THE
WORLD.

I'M STILL CONCERNED
ABOUT THE MEN CARRYING
THE SPECIAL EQUIPMENT,
THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN
HERE THIS AFTERNOON
AT THE LATEST...

I WOULDN'T
WORRY, GENERAL.



IT'S ROUGH
COUNTRY UP HERE,
THERE ARE ANY NUMBER
OF THINGS THAT MIGHT
DELAY THEM...



WHO'S
THAT IN
THERE?



YOU AFTER
WONG'S GOLD?
YOU THINK YOU
CAN STEAL IT
AWAY?

STUPIDEST
MISTAKE OF YOUR
LIFE, YOU—



ALLARD



AN OLD
NAME.



KONDO
PAID YOU WELL,
I SEE.

HE WON'T
LET YOU KEEP
IT.

UH?

YES...



WHAT'S--?

THAT'S
HIS MEN
MASSACRING
YOURS.

"THEY WERE ORDERED
TO NURSE THEIR LIQUOR.
SPIT IT OUT. SLOP IT ON
THE GROUND.

"WE'LL HAVE A MINUTE OR TWO
BEFORE THEY COME FOR YOU.
THEIR MINDS ARE CLOUDED: PARTLY
BY BLOODLUST, PARTLY BY ME.



"LET'S TALK."



THAT
STINKING LUMP
OF--

THEY'LL
SHOOT YOU DOWN
BEFORE YOU GO
FIVE YARDS.

SINCE
WHEN ARE YOU
SENTIMENTAL OVER
HIRED SCUM?



WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING...?

I CAN
HELP YOU GET
THAT GOLD OUT OF
HERE UNSEEN.

YOU CAN
HELP ME INTERCEPT
KONDO, BEFORE HE
GETS BACK TO
THE RIVER.




HEH...



HA, WELL,
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU
DECIDED TO COME TO WONG.
HE'S NOT GOING BACK BY
BOAT, HE'S GOING OVERLAND
ALL THE WAY EAST
IN CASE YOU OR THE
RUSSIANS OR--





MORE
BACKSTABBING.
MORE DECEIT.
IT SICKENS
ME.

WHATEVER
GETS THE JOB DONE,
GENERAL.

WHAT DID
THEY TEACH YOU,
ALLARD?

WHOEVER
IT WAS. WHEREVER
THEY TOOK YOU.

WHAT THE
HELL DID THEY
MAKE YOU
INTO?

KONDO, IS
THERE ANYTHING
ELSE YOU
HAVEN'T TOLD ME
ABOUT--?

THEY TAUGHT
ME TO RECOGNIZE
EVIL IN THE HEARTS
OF MEN BY LOOKING
IN MY OWN.

THEY
MADE ME INTO
DEATH ITSELF.

FINISH
THIS.

YOU THINK
YOU'RE D



YOU--
HRRRGHH

YOU-
LITTLE-

I'LL BELIEVE
YOU CAN STAY UP
WITH PART OF YOUR
BRAIN GONE,
WONG.

NOT
YOUR HIP.

AAAH--!

YOU...
AAAWWHH...!

YOU
ALWAYS
WERE

SUCH A
SHIT

ALLARD



WORTHLESS!
ALL OF IT!
WORTHLESS!

KONDO,
WHAT THE HELL IS
THE MATTER WITH
YOU--?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THE MATTER IS,
GENERAL: THIS IS *CRAP*. IT'S IRON PYRITE
OR SOMETHING, IT'S ABOUT AS MUCH USE
FOR BUILDING SECRET WEAPONS AS
THE HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF
MY ARSE.

WHAT...?

THAT BASTARD
WONG, THAT SON OF A
BITCH, I *KNEW* IT WAS
TOO GOOD TO
BE TRUE--!



IT HIT ME JUST NOW. THAT'S
WHY I TESTED THE ROCKS IN
OUR SHIPMENT, NOT
WONG'S SAMPLE.

HE MUST HAVE
HAD JUST ENOUGH
OF THE REAL THING TO
CONVINCE US. I DON'T KNOW
WHERE HE FOUND IT, BUT HE'S
HARDLY GOING TO BE
TELLING US NOW.

BUT-
BUT-



BUT
THAT MEANS
WE'VE-
FAILED...!





I AM THE
ONE WHO HAS
FAILED.

WHAT...?

HAVE MY
KATANA BROUGHT
TO ME.

AND I'LL
NEED SOMEONE
TO ACT AS MY
SECOND.

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT I'M GOING TO
DO, KONDO?

I'M GOING
TO TEACH YOU A
LESSON IN JAPANESE
HONOR.



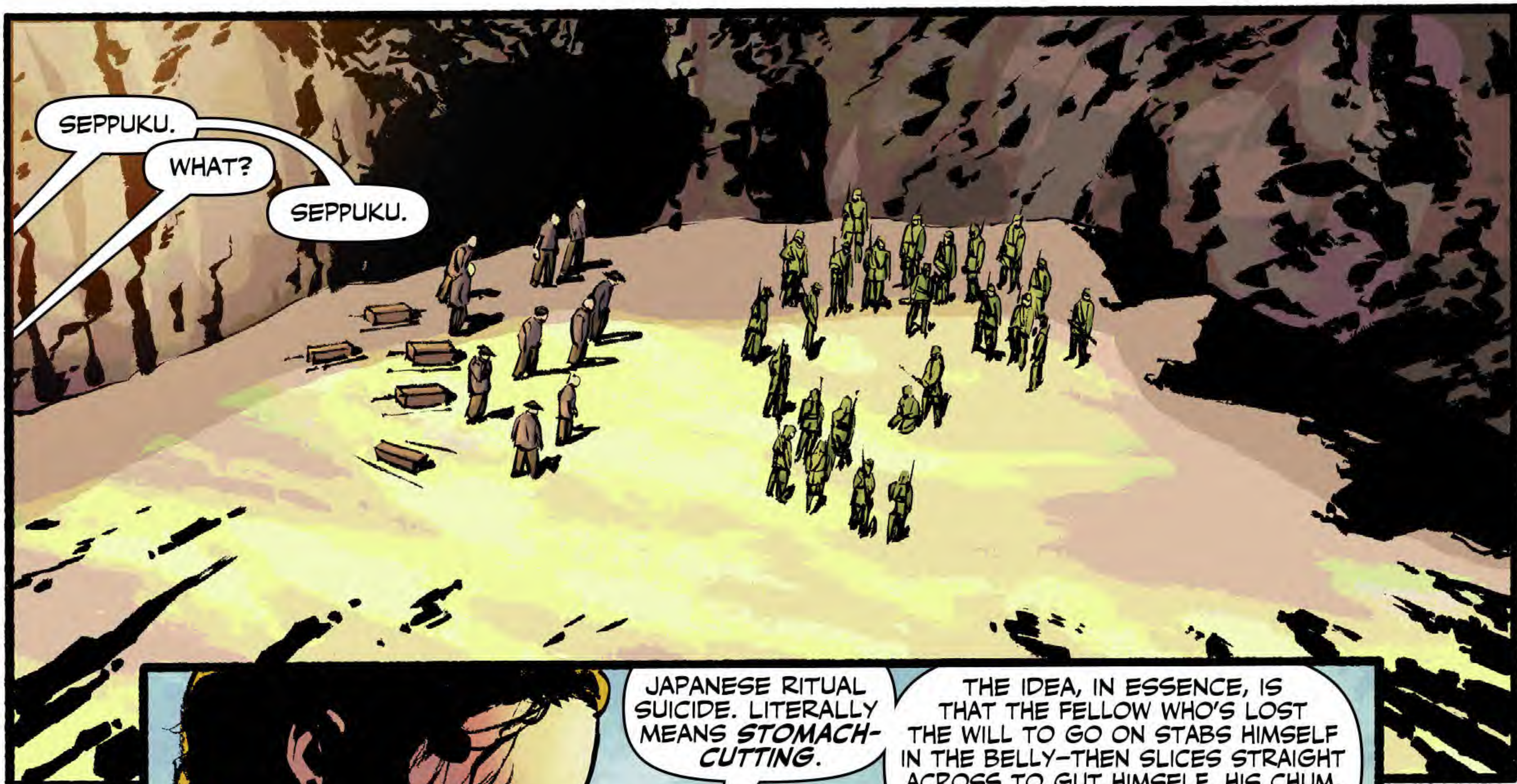
GENERAL—

ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT
WHAT I THINK
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT?

ISSUE
SIX



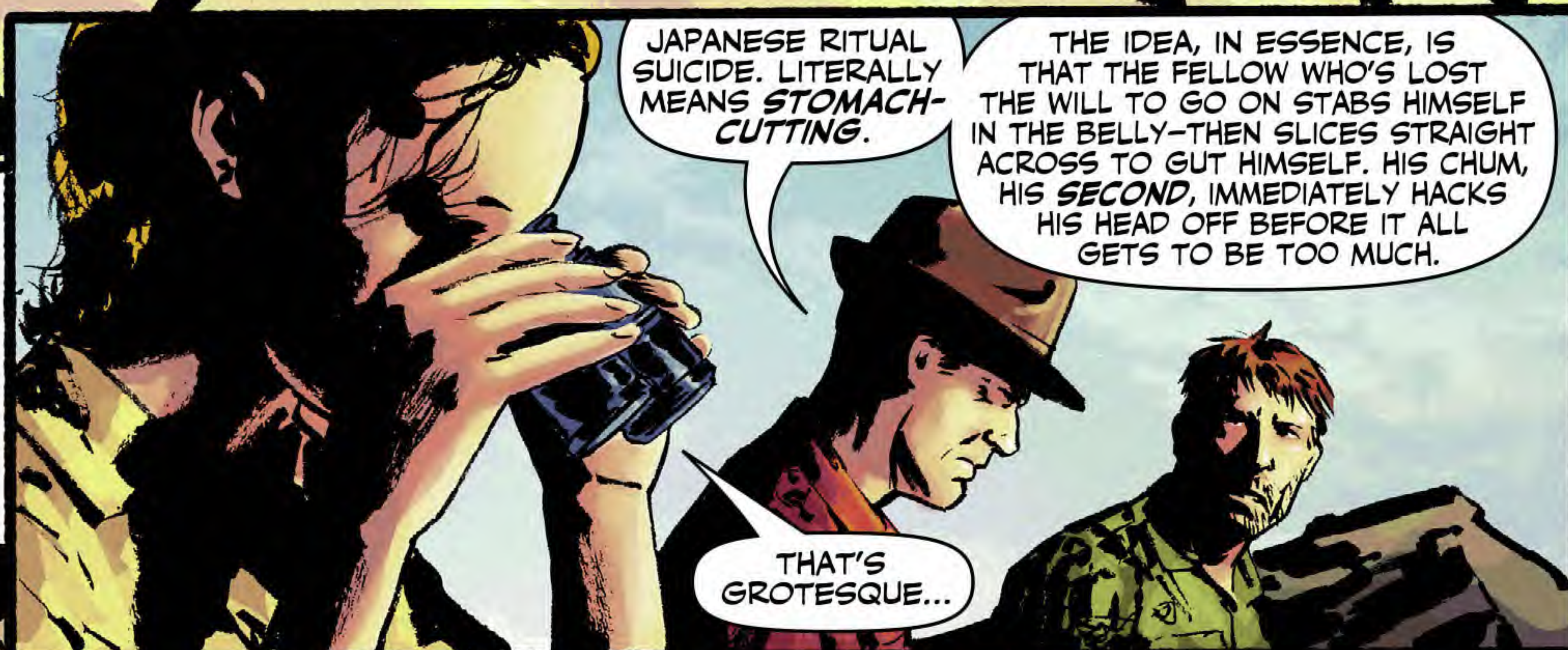




SEPPUKU.

WHAT?

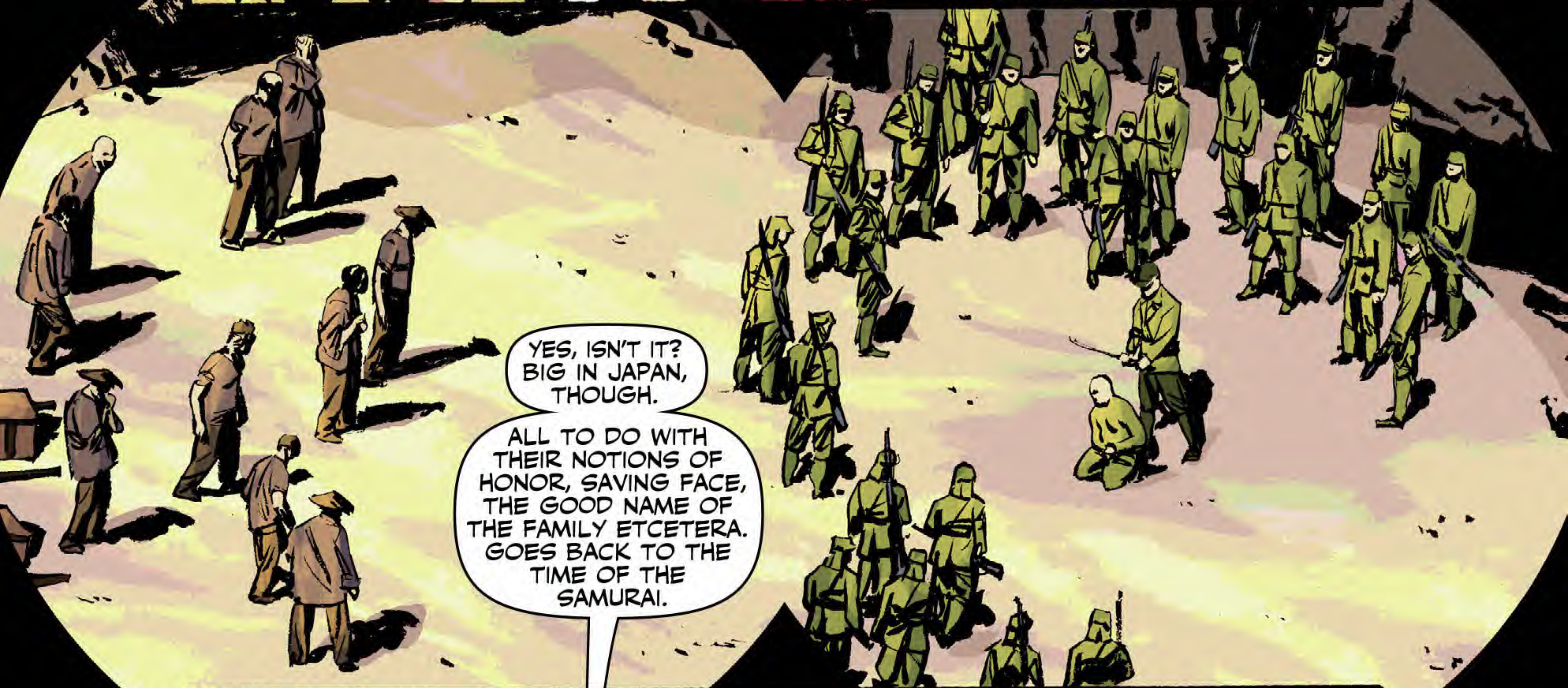
SEPPUKU.



JAPANESE RITUAL SUICIDE. LITERALLY MEANS *STOMACH-CUTTING*.

THE IDEA, IN ESSENCE, IS THAT THE FELLOW WHO'S LOST THE WILL TO GO ON STABS HIMSELF IN THE BELLY—THEN SLICES STRAIGHT ACROSS TO GUT HIMSELF. HIS CHUM, HIS *SECOND*, IMMEDIATELY HACKS HIS HEAD OFF BEFORE IT ALL GETS TO BE TOO MUCH.

THAT'S GROTESQUE...



YES, ISN'T IT? BIG IN JAPAN, THOUGH.


ALL TO DO WITH THEIR NOTIONS OF HONOR, SAVING FACE, THE GOOD NAME OF THE FAMILY ETCETERA. GOES BACK TO THE TIME OF THE SAMURAI.



OF COURSE, THESE ANIMALS HAVE AS MUCH IN COMMON WITH THE GREAT SAMURAI CLANS AS MISTER FINNEGAN HAS WITH ALBERT EINSTEIN.

COME ON, WE'VE WORK TO DO.





THE ROCKS
ARE FINE. I FAKED
THE TEST.

I'M GOING TO
SELL THEM TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER-AMERICANS,
BRITISH, GERMANS, I DON'T
CARE. THEN I'M GOING
TO DISAPPEAR.

BUT NOT
BEFORE PAYING A
VISIT TO THOSE TWO
SWEET DAUGHTERS
OF YOURS.

'BYE,
FATSO.

WAIT
A MINUTE,
NO-

**SEE HOW A
JAPANESE WARRIOR
MEETS HIS END!**





I THOUGHT
THE ROCKS WERE
WORTHLESS,
SIR?

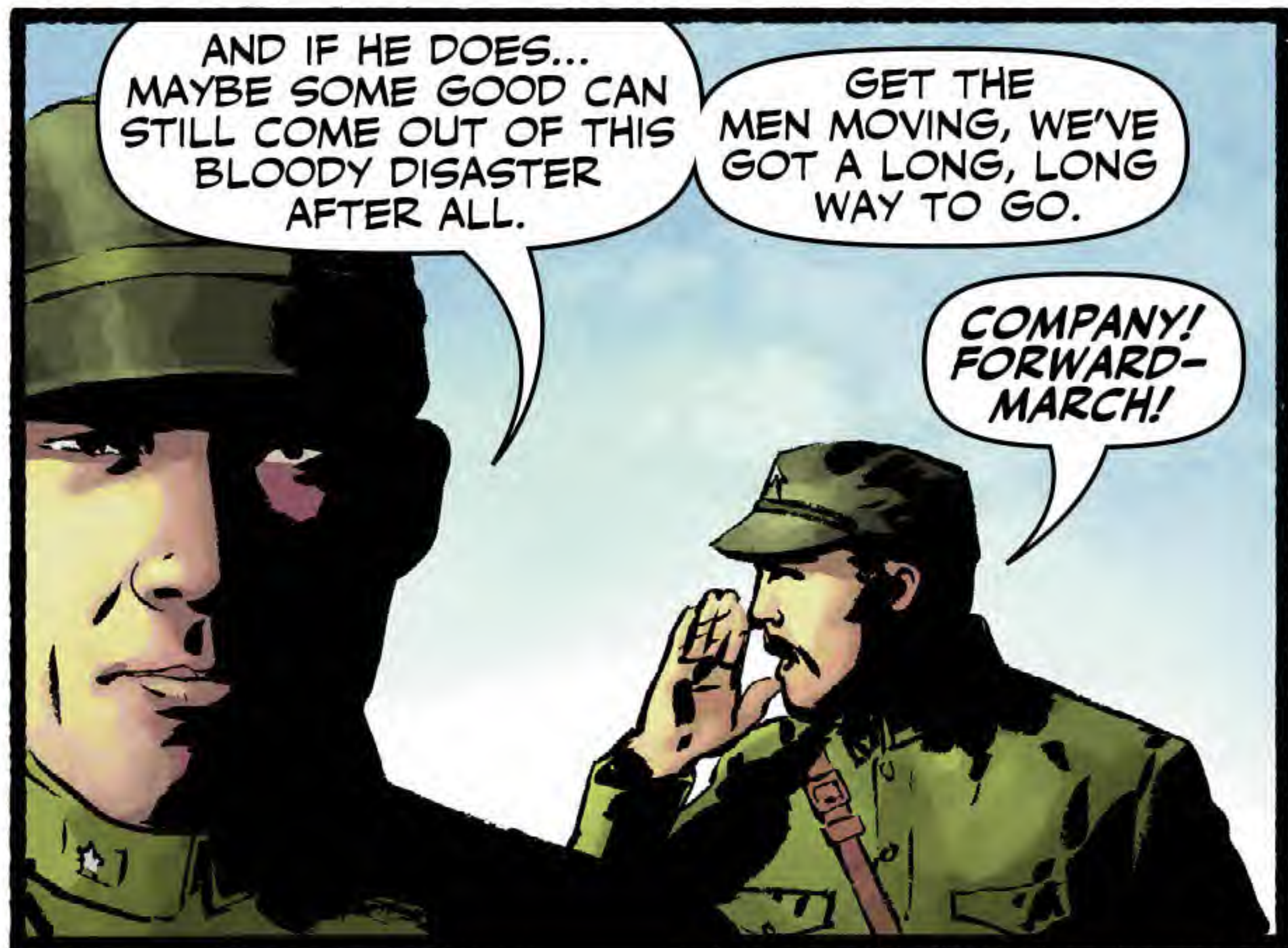
THEY ARE.
BUT WE'RE THE
ONLY ONES WHO
KNOW THAT.



THOSE WEREN'T
JAPANESE BULLETS I DUG
OUT OF WONG, THEY WERE
AMERICAN FORTY-FIVES. AS I
SUSPECTED AS SOON AS
I FOUND HIS CORPSE.

YES?

SOMEONE'S OUT THERE
WATCHING US. AND IF HE THINKS
WE'VE STILL GOT WHAT HE
WANTS HE MAY JUST MAKE A MOVE.



AND IF HE DOES...
MAYBE SOME GOOD CAN
STILL COME OUT OF THIS
BLOODY DISASTER
AFTER ALL.

GET THE
MEN MOVING, WE'VE
GOT A LONG, LONG
WAY TO GO.

**COMPANY!
FORWARD-
MARCH!**



SIR...I KNOW
YOU AND THE GENERAL
WENT BACK A LONG
WAY...

THANK YOU,
SERGEANT.

LET'S HOPE
WE CAN ALL FACE
DEATH LIKE HE DID,
WHEN THE TIME
COMES.



NO! OUT OF THE QUESTION! I'M NOT HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!

IT'S LOUSY AND COWARDLY AND DOWNRIGHT UNAMERICAN! IT'S THE KIND OF THING THEY'D DO TO US-THAT THEY *DID* DO TO US!

MISTER FINNEGAN...

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF ALL THIS BACKSTABBING AND SKULKING AROUND IN THE SHADOWS! I SAY IT'S TIME FOR A STAND-UP FIGHT! YOU SAY YOU CAN DO IT YOUR WAY, CRANSTON, BUT ALL I'VE SEEN FROM YOU SO FAR-

MISTER FINNEGAN.



WE'RE OUTNUMBERED SOMETHING LIKE FIFTY TO THREE. A STAND-UP FIGHT WILL GET US KILLED, AND THEN WE'LL BE A TRIO OF AMERICAN CORPSES WHO ACHIEVED EXACTLY NOTHING.

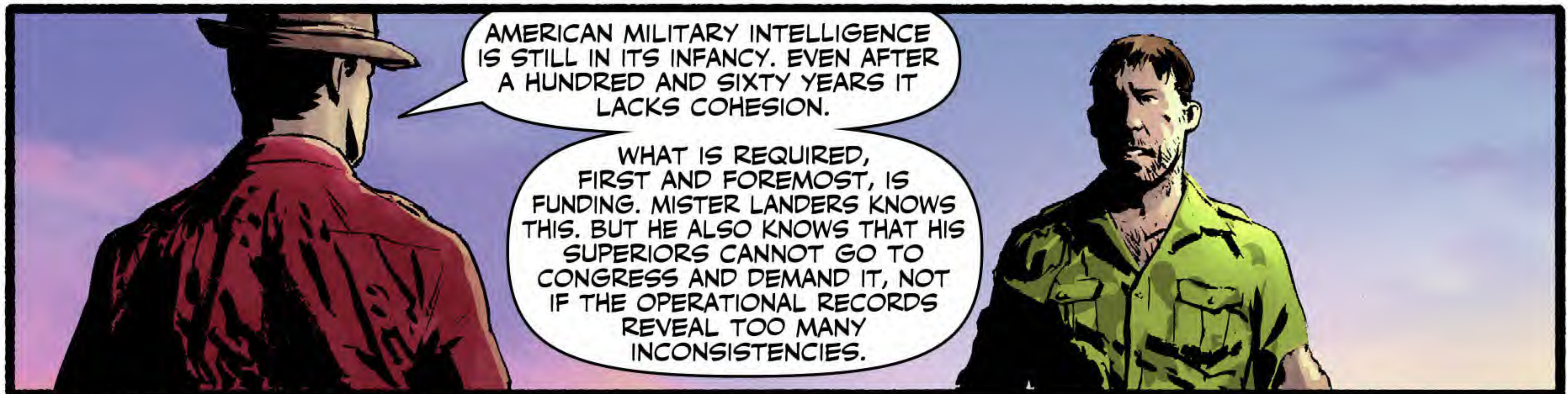
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO ENLIGHTEN YOU AS TO WHY YOU'RE ACTUALLY HERE?

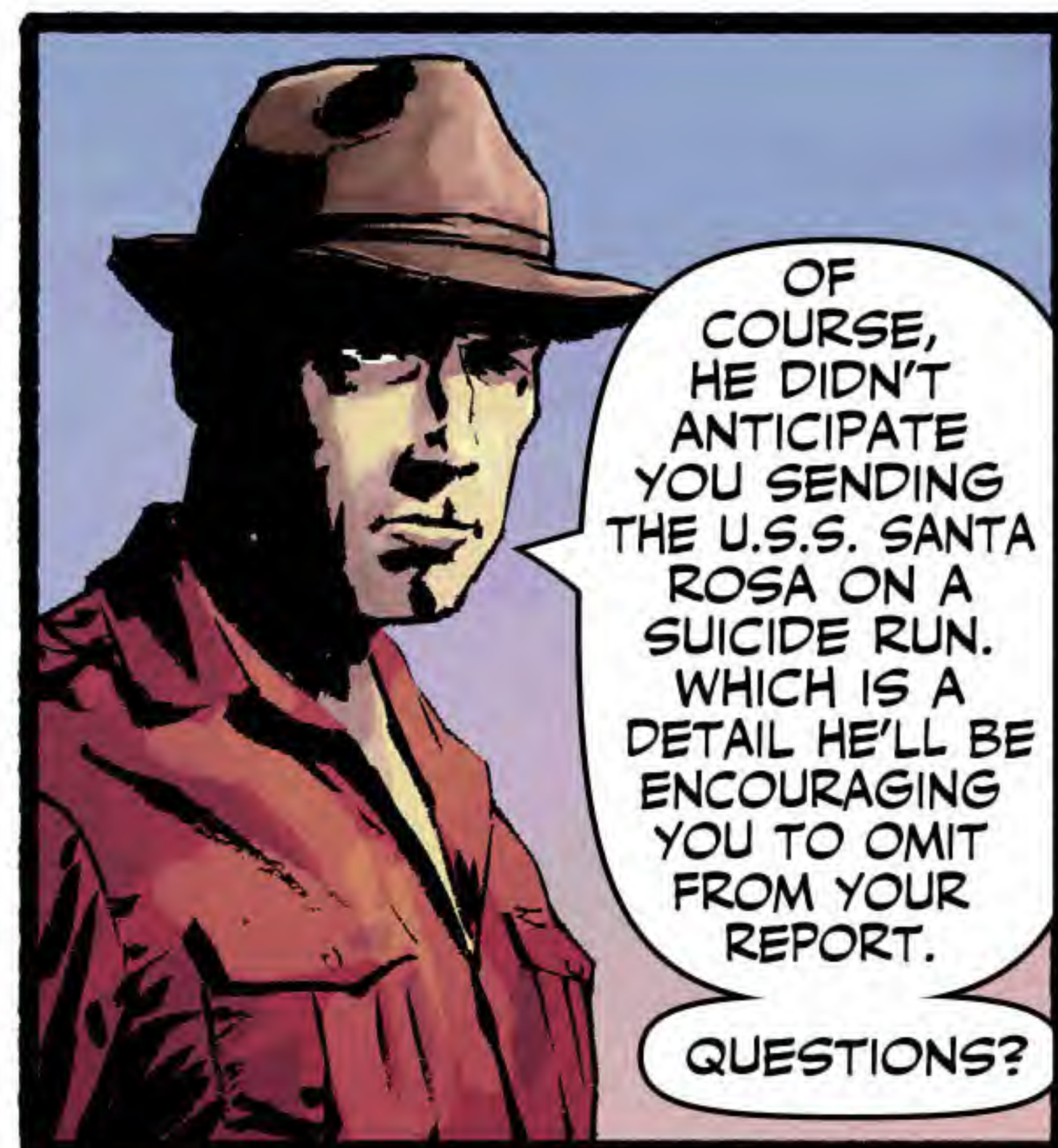
WHY *I'M HERE*? I'M IN COMMAND OF THE OPERATION, MISTER! WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHY YOU DRAGGED THE GODDAMN *BROAD* ALONG--?

CAMOUFLAGE. SHE LOOKS LIKE ONE MORE INEFFECTUAL FEMALE; SHE MAKES ME LOOK LIKE A POINTLESS ARISTOCRAT. NEITHER IS TRUE.

COME WITH ME.









MAKE CAMP,
SIR?

PUSH ON
'TIL MIDNIGHT.
I WANT TO
MAKE AS MUCH
DISTANCE AS
WE CAN.



I SUPPOSE IT HASN'T BEEN A COMPLETE
LOSS, SIR. YOU MANAGED TO KEEP HOLD OF
THE GOLD, THAT'S BOUND TO
COUNT FOR SOMETHING.

TRUE
ENOUGH.

WHEN WE REACH SHANGHAI
I'LL BE GOING ON TO TOKYO; YOU
AND THE MEN WILL RETURN TO
GARRISON DUTIES. BUT YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE TO SUFFER FOR MY MISTAKES.



I'LL SEE
IF I CAN
ARRANGE
FOR—

WHAT
THE HELL...?

KONDO!!



...ALLARD.



TARO KONDO!
SOLDIERS OF NIPPON!
COWARDS!

HE'S
NOT SPEAKING
JAPANESE...
SO HOW ARE
THEY...?

YOU SLAUGHTER
PEASANTS AND THEIR
WOMEN, AND YOU CALL
YOURSELVES **MEN**?!
YOU HOIST INFANTS HIGH
ON BAYONETS, AND YOU
CALL YOURSELVES
SOLDIERS?!

BUTCHERS! RAPISTS!
DESECRATORS OF CHINA!
I KNOW YOU SCUM OF OLD,
I KNOW WHAT EVIL LURKS
WITHIN YOUR GRAVEN
HEARTS!

FINISH
THE SON OF
A BITCH.

COMPANY...!

YOU RABBLE!
YOU MOTHERLESS
PIGS!

MAJOR
KONDO, GIVE
THE WORD,
SIR--!

COME TRY
YOUR STEEL
ON ME!!

BANZAAA!!!!!!



HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!



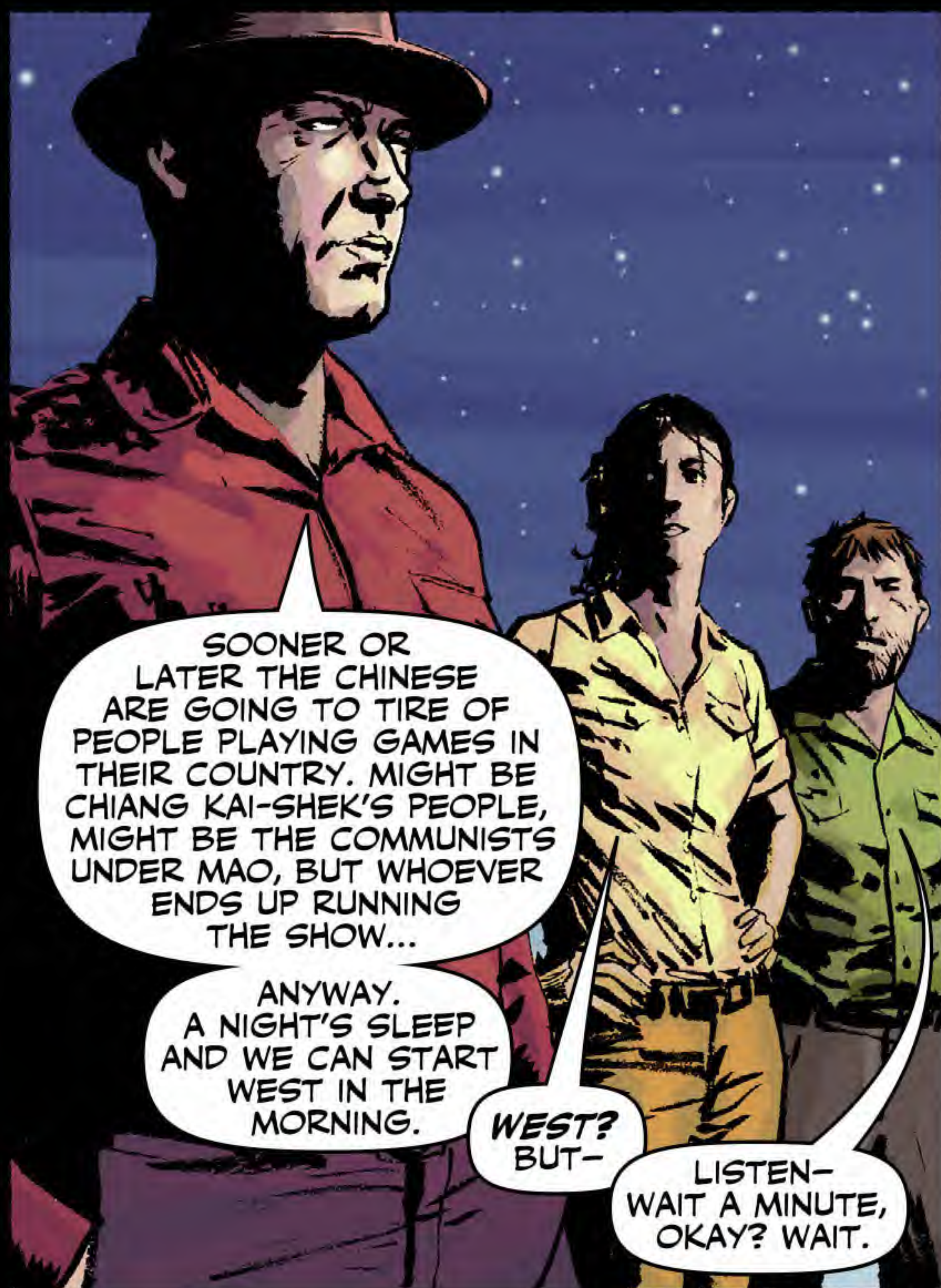
DAMN YOU
TO THE LOWEST
HELL, YOU
CURSED BLOODY
DEMON!





WHAT
WAS ALL THAT
ABOUT?

TRYING THE
CARROT INSTEAD
OF THE STICK.



SOONER OR
LATER THE CHINESE
ARE GOING TO TIRE OF
PEOPLE PLAYING GAMES IN
THEIR COUNTRY. MIGHT BE
CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S PEOPLE,
MIGHT BE THE COMMUNISTS
UNDER MAO, BUT WHOEVER
ENDS UP RUNNING
THE SHOW...

ANYWAY.
A NIGHT'S SLEEP
AND WE CAN START
WEST IN THE
MORNING.

WEST?
BUT—

LISTEN—
WAIT A MINUTE,
OKAY? WAIT.



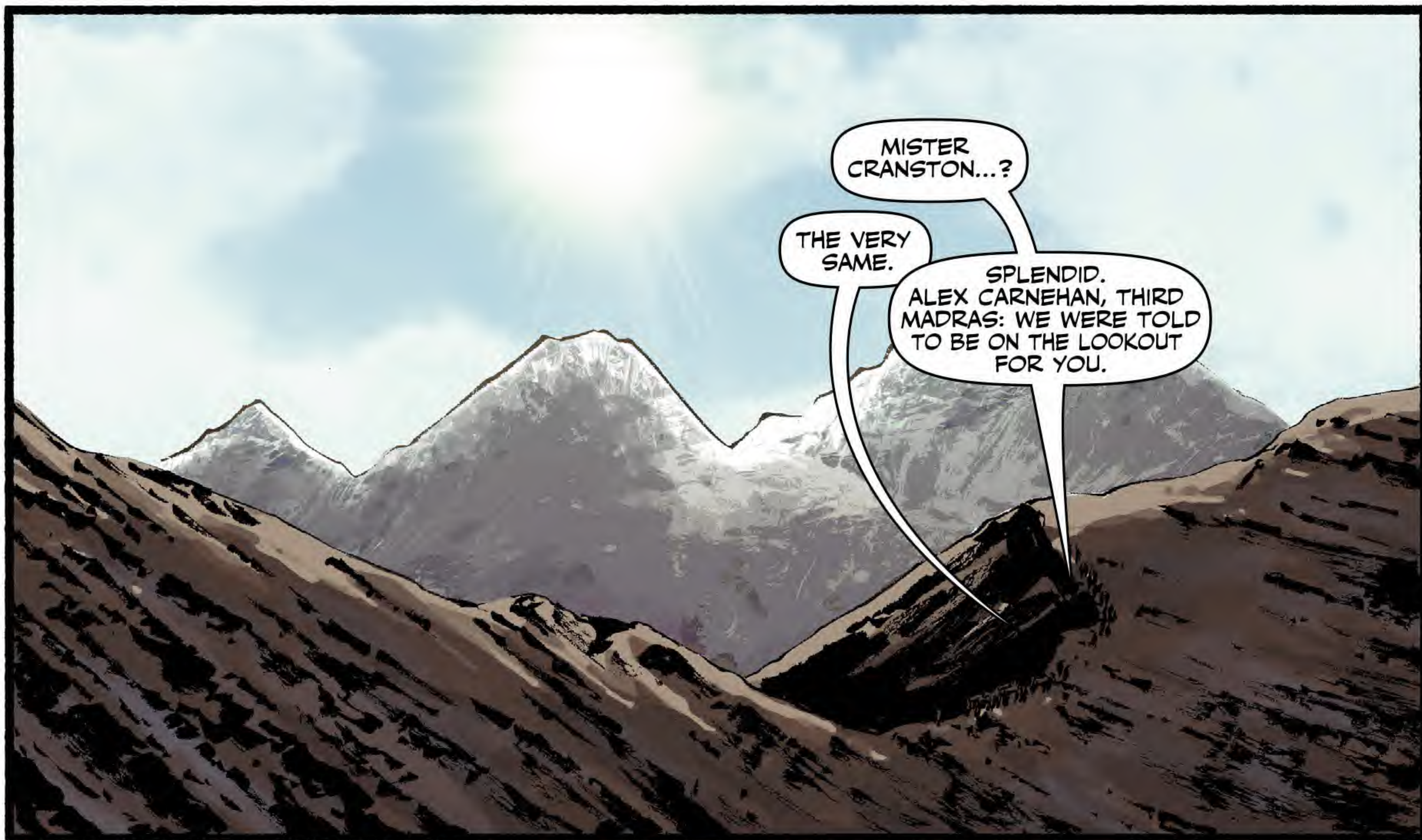
WHO
THE HELL ARE
YOU...?



WHY,
LAMONT CRANSTON,
AT YOUR SERVICE.



I BELIEVE
WE'VE ALREADY
MET.



MISTER CRANSTON...?

THE VERY SAME.

SPLENDID. ALEX CARNEHAN, THIRD MADRAS: WE WERE TOLD TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOU.



LIEUTENANT, THIS IS MISS MARGO LANE OF NEW YORK CITY...

DEAR LADY, THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE.

UH?



SAR'NT BALDI, HAVE ONE OF THE MEN CARRY THIS LADY'S PACK, WILL YOU?

SIR!

OH NO, THERE'S REALLY NO NEED—

PLEASE, I INSIST.

AND I IMAGINE THESE FELLOWS ARE CARRYING THE URANIUM?



THEY ARE.

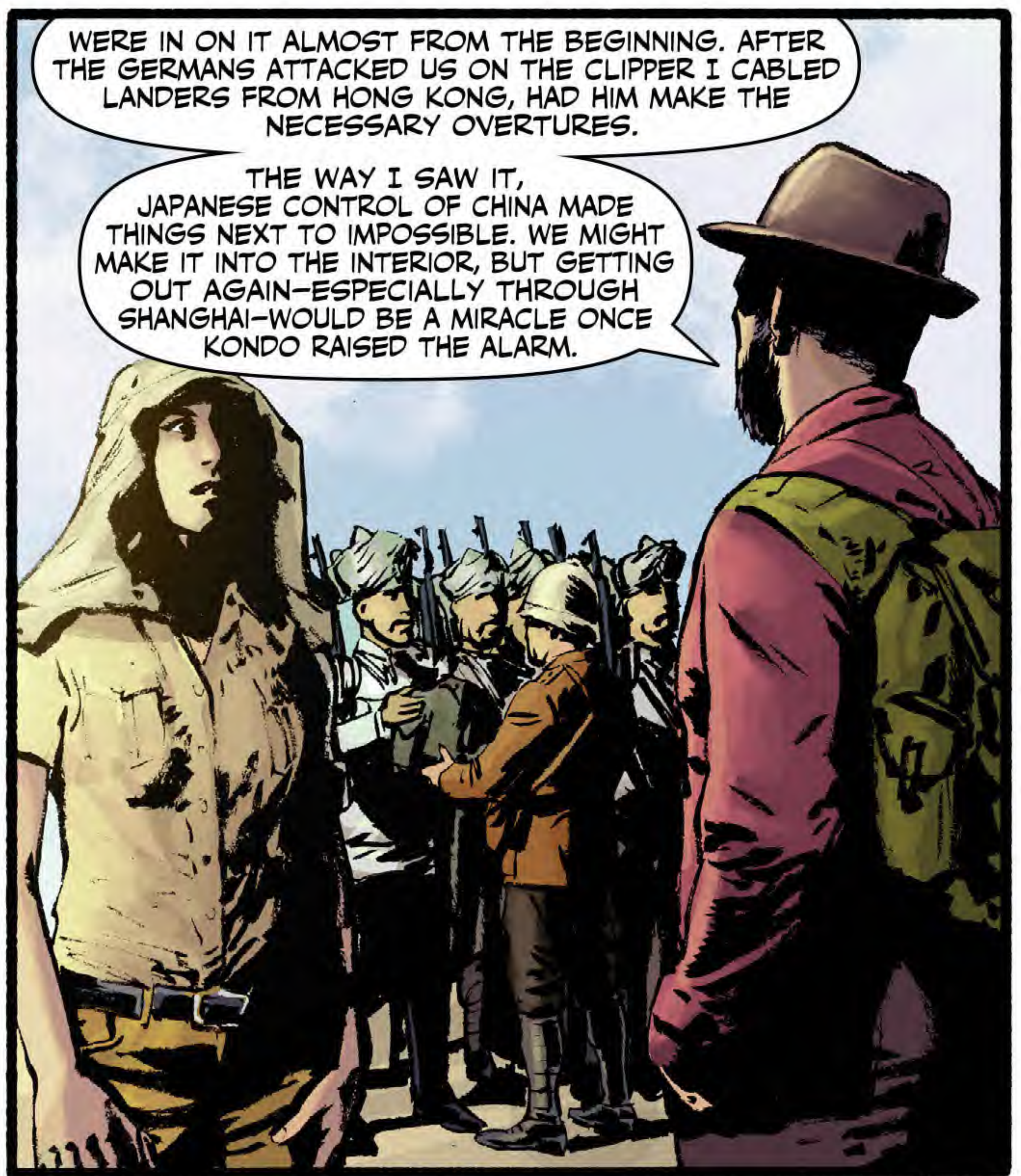
TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT. HOPELESS AT CHEMISTRY. HAD ONE OF THOSE LITTLE SETS AS A SPROG, BUT GOT NO FURTHER THAN BURNING DOWN HALF MY BEDROOM...

IS THAT WHAT IT'S ACTUALLY CALLED, THEN?



URANIUM TWO THREE FIVE, TO BE EXACT. VERY RARE, RECKONED TO BE LESS THAN ONE PERCENT OF ALL URANIUM EXTANT.

AND... THE *BRITISH*...?



WERE IN ON IT ALMOST FROM THE BEGINNING. AFTER THE GERMANS ATTACKED US ON THE CLIPPER I CABLED LANDERS FROM HONG KONG, HAD HIM MAKE THE NECESSARY OVERTURES.

THE WAY I SAW IT, JAPANESE CONTROL OF CHINA MADE THINGS NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE. WE MIGHT MAKE IT INTO THE INTERIOR, BUT GETTING OUT AGAIN—ESPECIALLY THROUGH SHANGHAI—WOULD BE A MIRACLE ONCE KONDO RAISED THE ALARM.



BUT THROUGH *INDIA*, ON THE OTHER HAND...

EXACTLY. LANDERS TOLD LONDON THERE'D BE A STRONG CHANCE WE'D BE COMING ACROSS THE CHINESE BORDER—LONDON TOLD DELHI TO START SENDING OUT PATROLS.

AND WHAT DO THE BRITISH GET OUT OF ALL THIS?

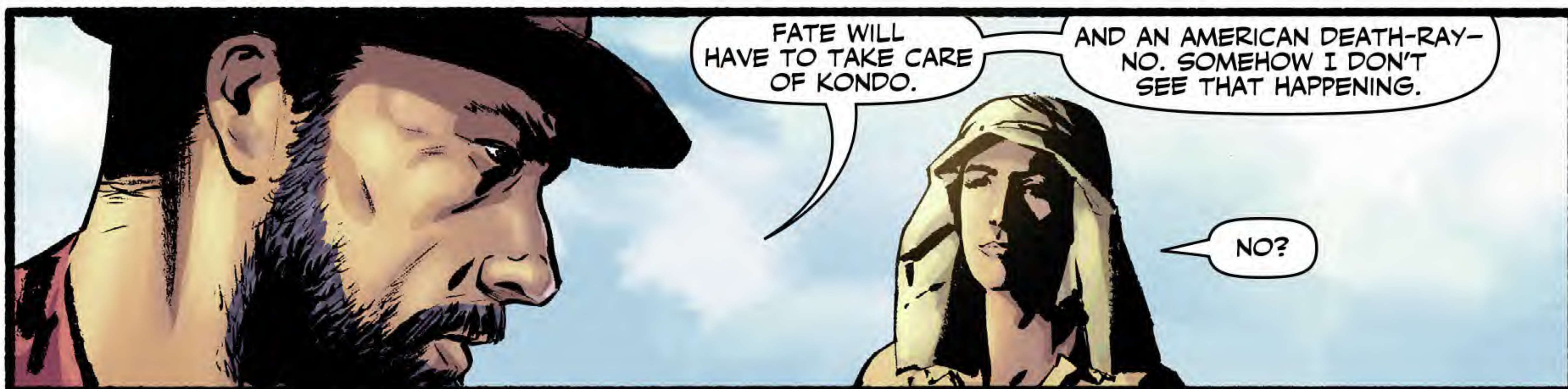
THEY GET TO COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT, MISTER
FINNEGAN?

COMING.
I'M
COMING.

SO WHAT IT
ALL ADDS UP TO,
THEN, IS THAT KONDO
SURVIVES. AND THE
U.S. GETS TO BUILD
ITS VERY OWN
DEATH-RAY.



FATE WILL
HAVE TO TAKE CARE
OF KONDO.

AND AN AMERICAN DEATH-RAY-
NO. SOMEHOW I DON'T
SEE THAT HAPPENING.

NO?



WELL, IT'S ALL VERY SCIENCE
FICTION, ISN'T IT? SORT OF THING
YOU'D READ IN SOME DIME
STORE MAGAZINE.



"AND WE ARE, AT THE END
OF THE DAY, A RATHER MORE
PRACTICAL PEOPLE."

EPILOGUE

BY AUGUST, 1945,
TARO KONDO WILL HAVE
HAD A FINE WAR.

ACCESS TO ARMY INTELLIGENCE WILL
PUT HIM IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE
RIGHT TIME, IN ONE CONQUERED NATION
AFTER ANOTHER. SOUND STRATEGIC
JUDGMENT WILL GET HIM OUT AGAIN,
ONCE THE EMPIRE'S FORTUNES
START TO FALTER.

THE PLUNDER WILL BE BOUNTIFUL.
THE BODYCOUNT IMMENSE.

HE WILL KNOW THAT
THE WAR WAS LOST
LONG AGO, PERHAPS
EVEN AT PEARL HARBOR
WHEN THE SLEEPING
GIANT WAS AWOKEN.
CERTAINLY IT CANNOT
NOW BE WON.

AND YET IT WILL
CONTINUE, DESPITE
THE FIREBOMBING OF
THE CITIES, DESPITE
THE SUBMARINE
BLOCKADE THAT
STARVES INDUSTRY
AND CITIZENS ALIKE.
THE WAR WILL
CONTINUE BECAUSE
THE TOKYO REGIME
IS INSANE.

AND BECAUSE THE
PEOPLE OF JAPAN ARE
CONTENT TO CALL
THAT MADNESS HONOR,
AND TO FOLLOW THE
EMPEROR TO HELL.

NO MATTER. KONDO'S
ESCAPE HAS BEEN PLANNED
FOR SOME TIME.

IDENTITIES, ACCOUNTS,
STOCKS, PROPERTIES.
HIS WILL BE THE WORLD AND
EVERYTHING THAT'S IN IT.

TARO KONDO IS COMPLETE.

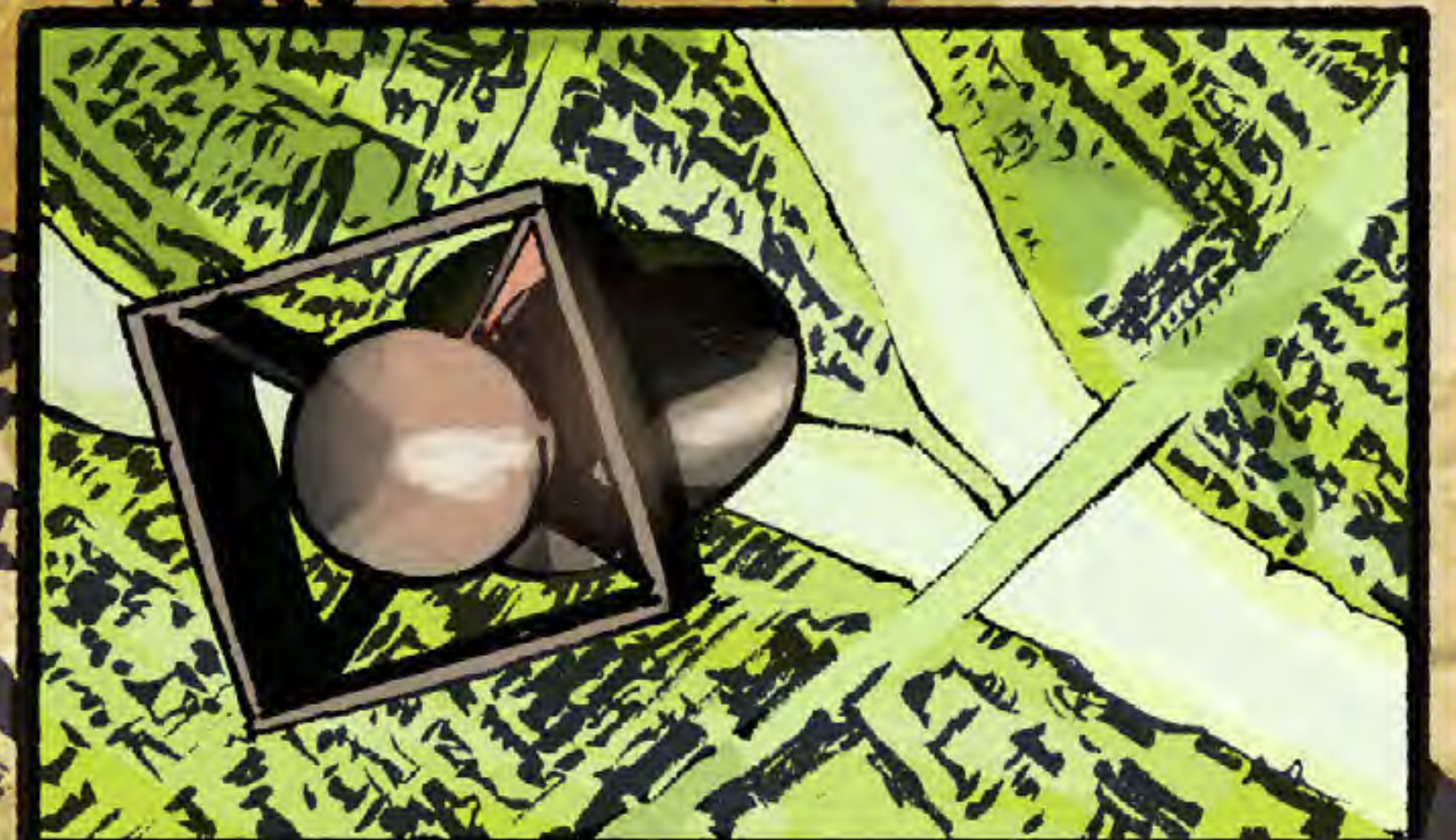
WHEN THE SIREN
SOUNDS, PERHAPS
HE WILL LOOK UP.
PERHAPS HE WILL SEE
A SILVER PINPRICK
IN THE HEAVENS
OVER HIROSHIMA.

WHAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT AT 8.15 THAT SUMMER MORNING, A SINGLE BOMB WILL TUMBLE FROM THE BELLY OF AN AIRCRAFT NAMED FOR MRS. ENOLA GAY TIBBETS OF MIAMI, FLORIDA.

IT WILL BE A GUN-TYPE FISSION WEAPON, SET TO AIRBURST AT AN ALTITUDE OF 1900 FEET.



IT WILL BE ACTIVATED BY A BULLET FASHIONED FROM URANIUM 235.





AND KONDO WILL SEE IT.

THAT DREADFUL
SECOND SUNRISE.

HE WILL SEE IT,
AN INSTANT BEFORE
HIS RETINAS FRY.


BEFORE THE BLAST ROARS
OUTWARDS LIKE A TIDAL WAVE
OF FLAME AND FURY—

AND ENDS HIS DREAMS—

AND TEACHES HIM FATE—

AND GIVES HIM JUST A
TASTE OF HELL TO COME—

AND BURNS OUT HIS BLACK
HEART WITH NUCLEAR FIRE.



I KNOW.

THE
Shadow IN THE FIRE OF
CREATION
CONCLUSION

THE SHADOW
**BONUS
MATERIAL**



SCRIPT FOR THE SHADOW 1

by GARTH ENNIS

PAGE ONE

1.
A legion of 30s-era Japanese soldiers stands facing us, stretching back as far as the eye can see. An extremely tough looking bunch of grim-faced veteran troops, a real sense of pent-up aggression and violence- of a terrible threat lurking behind the cold disdain, as they gaze out at us from under their peaked caps. With their identical uniforms and rifles held across their chests with bayonets fixed, they have an ominously similar, almost inhuman appearance. The bayonet blades gleam dully, a field of steel death that seems to go on forever. The only exception is the officer centre shot, who holds a katana rather than a rifle, singularly arrogant look about him. Note that these guys aren't anyone or anywhere in particular, they just represent in the hordes of invaders.

Caption: BETWEEN NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE AND NINETEEN FORTY-FIVE, JAPANESE
OCCUPATION FORCES KILLED FIFTEEN MILLION CHINESE PEOPLE.

PAGES TWO AND THREE

1.
All hell breaks loose during the battle for Nanking. Japanese dive bombers fill the skies, some swooping down to blast the streets and buildings of the city beneath. Explosions of fire and smoke rise in the background, a whole street is blasted apart. Nearest us a town square is littered with dead Chinese men, women and kids, all lying together in the bloody dirt. Japanese soldiers run riot- six men line up to fire their rifles into the scattering crowd. Other people are put to the bayonet as they lie where they've been injured, screaming in terror, weakly raising their hands to beg for mercy or ward off their attackers. An officer beheads a kneeling prisoner with his sword. A couple of little Japanese tanks roll over the dead and the dying (only if you have space). Note that the aerial bombardment is going on in the background, a few blocks from the main action- the Japanese aren't bombing their own troops. Blood, smoke, fire, terror, chaos.

Caption: WHEREVER THE ARMIES OF NIPPON WENT, HORROR FOLLOWED IN THEIR WAKE.

“ “ MASSACRE AND STARVATION WERE THEIR WEAPONS. THEY PAVED THE ROADS
AND STREETS WITH GORE, MADE RIVERS RUN WITH CORPSES. THE TEARS OF
HEAVEN ITSELF WERE NOT ENOUGH TO WASH AWAY THE BLOOD THEY SPILT.

“ “ COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF THEIR VICTIMS ENDED UP AS REFUGEES. OTHERS
WERE ENSLAVED AND SENT AWAY, NEVER TO SEE HOME OR FAMILY AGAIN.

“ “ A FEW — TOO MANY — FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE SINGULAR HELL OF
BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTATION; EXPOSED TO TYPHUS, ANTHRAX AND THE
LIKE BEFORE UNAESTHETISED EXPLORATORY SURGERY.

PAGES FOUR AND FIVE

1.
With smoke rising behind the ruins in the background, a Japanese soldier hauls a screaming girl out of a house- barely 13, clothes ripped, terrified beyond reason. She grabs at his hands as he drags her along by the hair, too fast for her to get her feet under her. Her horrified father kneels in the dirt further back, reaching pathetically for her even as other soldiers bayonet him. Her mother lies dead next to two little boys, all a bloody mess. Further back more terrified women are forced to strip, the soldiers around them laughing or smoking, one prodding them with his bayonet. More awful scenes are played out in the dust and gloom, women being dragged away to God knows what.

Caption: THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST SHAME WAS SAVED FOR ITS ABUSE OF FEMALE CAPTIVES.

“ “ THE TORMENT DESCENDED DAILY, HOURLY, BY THE MINUTE. GIRLS TEN AND
YOUNGER WERE DECLARED FAIR GAME. CRUDE ASSAULT GAVE WAY TO
MUTILATION, THEN MUCH WORSE: FATHERS WERE FORCED TO RUT WITH
DAUGHTERS, SONS WITH MOTHERS.

“ “ HOW MANY DIED IN SUCH ATROCITIES CANNOT BE COUNTED; HOW MANY
WERE PRESSED INTO SERVICE AS COMFORT WOMEN — FIELD WHORES FOR THE
TROOPS — IS A FIGURE LOST TO HISTORY.

2.
Black panel, or maybe just a black space where the former panel bleeds into the next.

Caption: WHEN THE TIME CAME, IMPERIAL JAPAN WOULD MAKE A FINE PARTNER FOR
NAZI GERMANY.

“ “ I KNOW.

3.
Nice big headshot on the Shadow, eyes burning with cold ire as he gazes grimly out at us.

Caption: I KNOW THE STRANGE TIDES ON WHICH DESTINY EBBS AND FLOWS;
“ “ I KNOW THAT FATE SOMETIMES NEEDS A GUIDING HAND;

“ “ I KNOW HOW TO PLACE THE PIECES ON THE BOARD;
“ “ I KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN AND WHAT MUST BE;
“ “ I KNOW THE GREATER GAME.

PAGES SIX AND SEVEN

1.
View down past the dark figure of the Shadow at a dozen men on a pier below, at the bottom of a gang plank leading to a tied-up freighter. We’re down on the docks on New York’s west side, on one of the dozens of piers jutting out into the Hudson. The Shadow stands on the roof a crane cabin next to the ship, so looking past him and across the vessel we can see the Manhattan skyline circa 1938, the skyscrapers towering above the glimmering city lights. Night, of course.
We don’t get a great look at the Shadow here, but we see the fedora and red scarf flapping in the breeze, and one of his 45s held low at his side. The men about twenty feet below him seem to be typical street thugs in dark caps and jackets, some apparently carrying weapons. We can just see that two of them, towards the back nearer the ship, are Asian in rather nicer attire. All look up in surprise at the Shadow’s words.

Caption: FOR I KNOW WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN.

Shadow: **THOSE WHO WOULD SEE THE MORNING, STAND ASIDE! MY BUSINESS IS WITH AKIRA ITO AND TATEO KONDO!**

2.
Full figure as the Shadow glares down at us, eyes blazing with terrifying ire. He still doesn’t raise his pistols.

Shadow: **I WANT YOU, YOU PAIR OF VERMIN!**

“ “ **PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR DEATH!**

Title: **THE SHADOW** in **THE FIRE OF CREATION** Part One

(NB- leave some space at the bottom for a nice big title- in this series, the title will always read after the action and dialogue in the title panel.)

PAGE EIGHT

1.
The men below stare up at us- no one’s openly scared, but they’re all bewildered and uncertain, no one want to make the first move. This close we can see that all are indeed armed, but it’s nearly all revolvers- one guy has a Winchester trench pump action shotgun, and the two closest to the Asian guys have drum mag Thompsons, but no one’s aiming anything just yet. Of the two Japanese in nice suits and hats, the younger stares along with everybody else- the older (25), Kondo, yells at the rest in anger and disbelief.

Thug: WHO...
Thug 2: IS THAT... YOU KNOW...?
Thug 3: IF IT’S WHO I—
Kondo: WHAT ARE WE **PAYING YOU FOR**, YOU RABBLE? **KILL HIM!**

2.
View past the thugs as everyone opens up at once, SMGs, pistols and shotguns all blazing away at the crane cabin- bullets shred the wooden structure and ricochet into the night, but the Shadow is gone.

Thug: WHAT—?

3.
The thugs and their masters stare upwards, bewildered, some of them definitely scared now. Even Kondo frowns in disbelief.

Thug: HE WAS THERE. HE WAS **RIGHT THERE**.
Thug 2: OH NO... OH GOD... I THINK IT **IS—**
Kondo: **YOU MISSED...?**

4.
Close up as Kondo freezes, eyes widening. The Shadow is standing directly behind him.

Shadow: NOT THEIR FAULT.
“ “ THEIR MINDS ARE CLOUDED.

5.
Small inset- the horrified Kondo turns, mouth starting to open, pistol coming up.

Kondo: N—

PAGE NINE

1.
Big. The Shadow raises his 45s and empties them at point blank range, mowing down the two Japanese and the two Tommy gunners before they even have time to turn around. They die amazed, none more so than Kondo. Casings fly from the pistols, sixteen in all.

2.
Wide view as the Shadow lowers his pistols, ejecting both spent mags. The eight surviving thugs gape at him and the four dead men at his feet. Gunsmoke drifts.

Shadow: THE REST OF YOU ARE MERELY HIRELINGS. FOOLS.

“ “ I URGE YOU:

3.
The Shadow doesn't bother to look at us, calmly slides a new mag into one of the pistols.

Shadow: DO NOT MAKE THE LEAP TO SCUM.

PAGE TEN

1.
View past his hands as he reloads the second pistol. The thugs look at him or each other, scared, uncertain, bewildered.

2.
Close in. The guy with the shotgun drops it, not looking at anyone, nervous and embarrassed. The others stare at him in surprise as the weapon hits the ground at his feet.

3.
Another raises his pistol and is immediately shot between the eyes, which bulge in shock.

Guy: **COME ON, HE'S JUST ONE UNNH**

4.
The Shadow coldly blazes away at us, both pistols, emotionless. 13 casings this time.

Shadow: ALAS.

PAGE ELEVEN

1.
The guy who dropped the shotgun stands alone with seven dead men at his feet, each shot once or twice in head or heart. He stares at the bodies, not daring to move. Fresh gunsmoke drifts through the air.

Off: GO HOME, PAUL MULLER.

2.
View past him as he looks up, sees the Shadow step forward from the gloom, not bothering to look at him as he holsters the pistols.

Shadow: WORK HARD.

“ “ FEED YOUR FAMILY.

3.
Pull back. The guy sprints for his life, leaving the Shadow standing amidst the corpses, still not looking up.

4.
The Shadow crouches next to the body of Kondo, who lies on his side and stares lifelessly offshot, amazement frozen on his dead face.

Shadow: AND YOU, DEAD MAN: DO NOT CROSS YET.

5.
Kondo only, with a strange red light bathing his face, reflecting in his eyes.

Off: STAY A MOMENT.

6.
The Shadow holds up his left hand, the red stone set in his ring gleaming nearest us.

Shadow: SPEAK.

PAGE TWELVE

1.
Exterior the Algonquin hotel, day. Early spring, brisk but pleasant.

From in: THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE A WAR, DAPHNE...

2.
Inside, in the famous Round Table restaurant, various diners are enjoying lunch. An elegantly dressed gentleman sits centre shot, reading the New York Times- we can just make out the headline, **Hitler's Armies Enter Austria**. Waiters come and go, the place is busy but relaxed, unhurried.
Sat nearest us is a well-to-do family of four, weary Dad trying to eat, anxious Mom trying to control the kids, 14 year-old little shit flicking peas at his 10 year-old sister.

Mom: **STOP IT**, JONATHAN... BUT DARLING, WHAT ABOUT SPAIN? WHAT ABOUT CHINA? IF THERE'S A WAR IN THE NEXT TWO OR THREE YEARS—

Dad: NOT AFTER LAST TIME. AND IF THERE IS, EVEN F.D.R. HAS ENOUGH BASIC COMMON SENSE TO KEEP US OUT OF IT.

Mom: **JONATHAN—!**

3.
The elegant gent turns out to be Lamont Cranston, glancing offshot with an intrigued air about him. Immaculately dressed, effortlessly at ease. He's looking in the direction of the family, quietly considering what he sees. Martini on the table, no food.

Off left: BUT WHAT IF YOU'RE **WRONG**...?

Off left 2: **HMH!** THEN WE BUY STOCK IN CURTISS AND BOEING.

“ “ ENOUGH, DAPHNE. LESS WAR, MORE LUNCH.

Off right: MISTER CRANSTON?

PAGE THIRTEEN

1.
Pull back as Cranston stands, shakes hands with a pair of government types in less impressive suits than his own- one stocky and getting fat, one tall and in better shape.

Cranston: MISTER LANDERS, HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN...

Fat: AND YOU, SIR. AND THIS IS PAT FINNEGAN, A PROTÉGÉ OF MINE.

“ “ PAT— LAMONT CRANSTON.

Finnegan: PLEASED TO MEET YOU.

2.
They sit. Cranston and Landers are completely at ease, both smoking (or about to start). Finnegan doesn't, he's a bit of a stiff- not sure about Cranston's playboy routine at all. Landers is cultured and intelligent, 50s, glasses, balding. Finnegan's a big guy with athletic build, ex-jock but smart. Almost as tall as Cranston, bit broader. A waiter arrives.

Cranston: THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE, MISTER FINNEGAN. AH, NICOLAS...

Landers: JUST COFFEE FOR US.

Cranston: NOT SO FOR MYSELF. THANK YOU.

3.
Off goes the waiter. Cranston raises an eye, politely inquiring. Landers looks amused.

Cranston: SO HOW IS WASHINGTON?

Landers: QUIET. VERY QUIET, IN COMPARISON WITH THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT.

“ “ YOU READ ABOUT THE INCIDENT ON PIER NINETY-THREE LAST NIGHT?

4.
Finnegan looks away, raises an eye. Cranston remains calm.

Finnegan: THE **MASSACRE** ON PIER NINETY-THREE...

Cranston: NASTY BUSINESS.

Landers: WHAT YOU WON'T HAVE READ IS THAT AMONG THE DEAD WERE TWO JAPANESE NATIONALS. OR THAT IN WHAT'S BEEN LABELLED A GANGLAND TURF WAR, EVERY SINGLE FATAL SHOT CAME FROM EXACTLY THE SAME DIRECTION.

“ “ AND, COME TO THAT, THE SAME GUNS.

PAGE FOURTEEN

1.
Cranston only, smiling gently, raising an eye.

Cranston: FANCY THAT...

Off: THE PAIR WERE LIEUTENANTS ITO AND KONDO OF JAPANESE ARMY INTELLIGENCE, MORE OR LESS THE COUNTERPART OF MY OWN DEPARTMENT. THEY ACTUALLY CAME HERE THREE DAYS AGO, AND HAVING ENGAGED SOME OF THE LOCAL TALENT WERE ABOUT TO FORCIBLY BOARD THE **LADY HUDSON-KINAHAN**, NEWLY ARRIVED FROM FREETOWN.

2.
Landers continues. Cranston sips his martini.

Landers: WHICH FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW WOULD HAVE BEEN SOMETHING OF A WASTED EFFORT. BECAUSE—

Cranston: WHAT LIES IN THE HOLDS OF THE LADY HUDSON-KINAHAN IS WORTHLESS.

3.
Landers smiles, lowers his gaze. Finnegan peers at Cranston, eyes narrowed.

Landers: AS CONFIRMED BY OUR PEOPLE THIS MORNING. WELL, YOU TOLD US SO.

Finnegan: OKAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT, MISTER? HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SKIP A PAGE AHEAD OF UNCLE SAM?

4.
Cranston smiles politely, returning the irritated Finnegan's gaze.

Off: PAT...

Finnegan: NO, I WANT TO KNOW HOW MISTER CRANSTON—

Cranston: I HAVE A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SPECIALIST KNOWLEDGE WHEN IT COMES TO THE ORIENT AND HER BOUNTIES, MISTER FINNEGAN. PUT IT DOWN TO MISSPENT YOUTH.

“ “ AND WHEN I FIRST VOLUNTEERED MY SERVICES TO MISTER LANDERS SOME MONTHS AGO, I DID INDEED WARN HIM THAT WHAT HE SOUGHT LAY RATHER FURTHER EAST THAN SIERRA LEONE.

PAGE FIFTEEN

1.
Landers smiles sadly, Cranston waves the notion away. Finnegan looks a little bleak as the waiter arrives with coffee and a fresh martini.

Landers: CONSIDER ME SUITABLY CHASTENED.

Cranston: NONSENSE, MY DEAR FELLOW. OH, THANK YOU, NICOLAS...

Finnegan: YOU KNOW, I'D KIND OF EXPECTED TO SEE A LITTLE MORE URGENCY ON THIS. WHAT WITH THE STAKES BEING AS HIGH AS THEY ARE.

“ “ THE WORLD HEADED IN THE DIRECTION IT IS.

2.
Landers shrugs in agreement. Cranston sips his fresh martini.

Landers: A FAIR POINT. WELL, IF THE MOUNTAIN WON'T COME TO MOHAMMED...

Cranston: QUITE. I'LL MAKE MY OWN ARRANGEMENTS IN THAT REGARD.

3.
Finnegan stares, little bit startled.

Finnegan: WE'RE GOING AFTER IT...?

Landers: WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE?

Cranston: ONE LAST THING YOU SHOULD BE AWARE OF. I KNOW THE KONDO BROTHERS OF OLD.

4.
Big. The dead man from the night before, lifeless eyes gazing up at the ring on the Shadow’s hand nearest, face bathed in the red glow.

Caption: “TATEO’S ELDER SIBLING, **TARO**, IS A MAJOR IN THE SAME DIVISION OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. THE TWO QUARRELLED OVER THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE SHIPMENT FROM FREETOWN; TARO HARBORED SIMILAR SUSPICIONS TO MY OWN.

“ “ “HE LEFT NIIGATA THE DAY BEFORE HIS BROTHER. I WOULD BE SURPRISED IF WE DIDN’T HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN.”

PAGE SIXTEEN

1.
Finnegan looks coldly at Cranston, who smiles politely back at him.

Finnegan: I GUESS THAT’S THAT MISSPENT YOUTH AGAIN.

Cranston: YOU GUESS CORRECTLY.

Finnegan: I’M GOING TO ASK YOU STRAIGHT OUT, MISTER CRANSTON. ONE SIMPLE QUESTION, BECAUSE IF THERE’S ONE THING I LIKE IT’S KNOWING EXACTLY WHERE I STAND:

2.
Finnegan only, looking intensely at us, eyes bright.

Off: IN WHICH CASE THE CHOICE OF A CAREER IN ESPIONAGE MAY HAVE BEEN ILL-ADVISED...

Finnegan: ARE YOU ON THE TEAM?

“ “ MEANING, ARE YOU WITH US? NO MONKEY BUSINESS, NO BACK DOOR STUFF: ARE YOU READY TO DO YOUR DUTY AS AN AMERICAN?

“ “ ARE YOU **ON THE TEAM...**?

3.
Cranston smiles at us, one eye raised, very polite. Somehow he manages to do this without seeming nakedly patronizing.

Cranston: OH, INDUBITABLY.

“ “ I’LL BE IN TOUCH.

4.
Cranston is gone. Finnegan glares offshot, fuming quietly. Landers gets up, smiles sadly.

Finnegan: **WHAT** A...

Landers: WE’LL GET MORE OUT OF HIM IF WE PLAY IT HIS WAY, PAT. TRUST ME, I KNOW THE TYPE.

“ “ BACK IN A MOMENT.

5.
Finnegan sits alone, weary and grim, still fuming a little.

6.
He stops the waiter, Nicolas, on his way past. Not too close.

Finnegan: DO YOU HAVE A DICTIONARY AROUND HERE?

Nicolas: I’M SURE I CAN FIND ONE, SIR.

Finnegan: MM.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1.
As Cranston leaves, he pauses- completely unruffled- as the little teenage shit from earlier chases his terrified sister past. They’re in the lobby, everyone in hats and coats, including Cranston- note that he doesn’t dress anything

like the Shadow.

Sister: JONNY, **NO—!**

Shit: **HA HA HA HA HA!**

Off: OH, I’M SO SORRY...!

2.
The anxious mother apologises to Cranston, trying to keep an eye on her charges- who ignore her. The Dad isn’t interested, busy tipping the attractive coat check girl.

Mom: I REALLY AM, HE’S COMPLETELY —**JONATHAN—!**

Cranston: NO HARM, DONE, MADAM.

Mom: OH, HE’S UNBEARABLE! JONATHAN, STOP IT AT **ONCE!**

3.
Cranston only, gazing calmly at us, slightly faraway look about him, even sympathetic. This isn’t the playboy, but it’s not the Shadow either.

Cranston: LET HIM BE A CHILD A LITTLE LONGER.

“ “ HE MEETS HIS FATE SIX YEARS FROM NOW, FIVE MILES ABOVE A PLACE CALLED REGENSBURG.

4.
Cranston carries on like nothing’s happened, debonair as ever. Behind him Mom stares after him, bewildered, deeply uneasy, the kids forgotten.

5.
Outside, Cranston gets into a cab. Long shot.

Cab: WHERE TO?

Cranston: TAKE ME HOME, SHREVNITZ. THEN GO AND FETCH MISS LANE

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1.
Night. Cranston stands on the highest balcony of a magnificent apartment building overlooking Central Park. He leans on the railing with a cigarette in one hand, glass of bourbon in the others, wearing only a robe. The stars shine from a clear sky and it’s cold enough to turn his breath to vapour, but he doesn’t seem to notice, just gazes absentmindedly out over the park. The door to the apartment is open behind him/

Door: GOD, IT’S **COLD—!**

2.
Closer. Margo lane appears behind him, scowling with confusion as she stomps onto the balcony, wearing a robe with a heavy duvet held tightly around her. Hair down, beautiful, stroppy. Nearest us Cranston doesn’t bother to turn.

Margo: AREN’T YOU COLD?

Cranston: PROBABLY.

Margo: I WAS SHIVERING SO HARD I SHOOK MYSELF AWAKE, COULDN’T YOU AT LEAST HAVE SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND YOU...?

3.
He glances at her, not particularly perturbed as she takes his bourbon in both hands, takes a big sip. It’s a big measure. She closes her eyes, savouring the warmth.

Margo: SELFISH BASTARD.

“ “ GIVE ME SOME OF THAT.

PAGE NINETEEN

1.
She leans on the railing beside him, keeps hold of the glass. He lights a cigarette for her and she cups one hand around the flame to shield it, touching his fingers with her own.

Margo: YOUR SKIN’S LIKE ICE.

Cranston: MM-HM.

Margo: LIKE THE DEAD.
“ “ CAN YOU SEE THE FUTURE?

2.
Cranston only, cool. Not looking at us, completely relaxed.

Off: WITH EVERYTHING YOU MENTIONED, THE—
Cranston: I’M PRIVY TO GLIMPSES.
“ “ SHARDS.

3.
She watches him, quietly fascinated as he gazes coolly offshot.

Cranston: PEOPLE ARE DIFFICULT. CHILDREN ARE EASIEST, THEY HAVEN’T THE SPIRITUAL FUGE WE’VE ACCUMULATED: TRACING THE SOUL TO THE END OF ITS PATH IS SIMPLE ENOUGH.
“ “ ADULTS... SOMETIMES. SHOCK AND TRAUMA CAN WORK WONDERS.

4.
Margo only, eyes narrowed, curious.

Off: AS TO THE REST, THE GRAND EVENTS—
Margo: CAN YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO US?
“ “ MEANING YOU AND ME...

5.
He smiles slightly, amused. She looks away, annoyed, a little grim.
Cranston: I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MISS LANE.
Margo: WHICH IS ALL THE PREDICTION I NEED.
“ “ THANK YOU.

PAGE TWENTY

1.
View past them, gazing out into the night.

Margo: I HAVEN’T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHY I—
Cranston: GROW UP.

2.
Nice big dark headshot on the Shadow as he turns to glare at us, set above a vignette of his little silhouetted figure mowing down a charging army of thugs- a dozen lie dead but the rest come on, throwing themselves into his withering fire.

Caption: “YOU KNOW THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT.
“ “ “BEARS PUS AND POISON. TAINTS THE WORLD, MAKES GOD A LIE.
“ “ “YOU CHOSE TO SERVE A MASTER WHO WOULD STAMP IT BACK INTO THE DIRT; YOU SWORE AN OATH TO DO HIS BIDDING. YOU ARE HIS AGENT AND HIS SPY, AND YET YOUR HANDS ARE STAINED WITH VERY LITTLE BLOOD...
“ “ “IN YOUR HEART, YOU ARE THANKFUL HE IS THERE TO DO THE BUTCHER-WORK.”

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1.
Cranston only, turning his cold gaze on us- and for the first time we do get a hint of the Shadow in his expression.

Off: I THINK I’VE DONE MY SHARE...
Cranston: YOU’VE DONE NO MORE NOR LESS THAN VINCENT, SHREVNITZ AND THE REST.
“ “ MAKE NO MISTAKE: YOU ARE A MATCHSTICK SET NEXT TO AN INCINERATOR.

2.
Margo looks up at him, little edgy, uncertain. He coldly looks her right in the eye.

Cranston: DO NOT FLIRT WITH FATE, MISS LANE.

“ “ IT IS NO GENTLE LOVER.

3.
Pull back as he turns and heads back inside, calm again. She watches him go, slightly stricken.

Cranston: YOU’RE RIGHT, THE NIGHT IS VERY COLD.

“ “ COMING?

4.
Biggish head and shoulders on Margo, sad and uncertain, bit lost.

Margo: ARE YOU GOING TO BE THE SHADOW FOREVER?

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1.
Cranston turns and smiles at us, one eye raised. Ironic but not mocking.

Cranston: FOR LONGER THAN YOU’LL BE MARGO LANE.

2.
He faces front again, still smiling as he heads inside. Further back she stares at him, nonplussed.

Margo: WHAT...?

Cranston: **HMH.**

3.
Pull back as she follows him inside.

Margo: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

Cranston: **HMH. HA HA HA...**

Margo: HEY, WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN...?

4.
Back further as the doors shut.

Bln: MY GOD, YOU CONCEITED— YOU REALLY HAVEN’T A SINGLE DOUBT ABOUT ANYTHING, HAVE YOU?

Bln 2: **HA HA HA HA**, COME TO BED, MISS LANE.

5.
And back further, the building and the park beyond it lit up beautifully in the starlight.

Bln: NO TIME TO WASTE.

“ “ EARLY START IN THE MORNING

TO BE CONTINUED











DYNAMITE
No. 1

The Shadow



FRAN
AVIL
14.F.12

A DYNAMITE
ENTERTAINMENT
CLASSIC



FRAN
AVIL
LA.F.II









FRANCAVILLA
LA.F.12





ЛЕВЯТОВ








ЧЕВЯКОВ













CHAYKIN



FRAN
AVIL
4F.12

DYNAMITE
AUTHENTIX

THE *Shadow*

GARTH ENNIS • AARON CAMPBELL



Garth Ennis

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Alex Ross

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ISSUE #1 HAND-DRAWN SKETCH COVER BY ALEX ROSS (REPRODUCTION)

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WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? THE SHADOW KNOWS!

"4.5 OUT OF 5"

- MAJOR SPOILERS

It's 1938 and The Shadow returns in a tale of blazing action and deadly intrigue, as a night of carnage on the New York waterfront plunges the mysterious vigilante into a conspiracy involving the fate of the world itself. As storm clouds gather across the globe, American military intelligence meets with a certain Lamont Cranston, determined to beat a host of spies and assassins to the greatest prize of all... but what that might be, only the Shadow knows.

"If you are a fan of Ennis, you'll enjoy this book, no doubt. It's the perfect character for his dark mentality and it looks like it's going to be one hell of a ride. If you're a fan of The Shadow, then you'll be happy to know that the character is in great hands. Ennis obviously loves him as much as we do." - IGN

"The Shadow is powerful, scary and full of crazy new powers of which most people are probably unaware. And under Garth Ennis' crafty pen, he is intimidating and interesting, both in and out of costume. I look forward to reading about the evil lurking in the hearts of men, especially if this version of the Shadow is on the case" - NEWSARAMA

"Above all else, Garth Ennis' new Shadow title is fun." - BROKEN FRONTIER

"This is a great comic, and you're going to love it. Ennis is introducing The Shadow for a whole new generation of fans who didn't know what they missed the first time around. Pick it up or HE'LL KNOW!" - GEEKS OF DOOM

"Readers will not be able to help themselves from getting pulled into this world of The Shadow. The Shadow is a book I will easily recommend to everyone I meet." - JUST ABOUT COMICS

*This 200 page collection reprints issues 1-6 of the hit series written by **GARTH ENNIS** (co-creator of Preacher and The Boys) and drawn by **AARON CAMPBELL** (Green Hornet: Year One), and features Garth Ennis' script to issue #1 as well as a complete cover gallery featuring art by **ALEX ROSS, JAE LEE, JOHN CASSADAY, RYAN SOOK, HOWARD CHAYKIN** and more!*

